



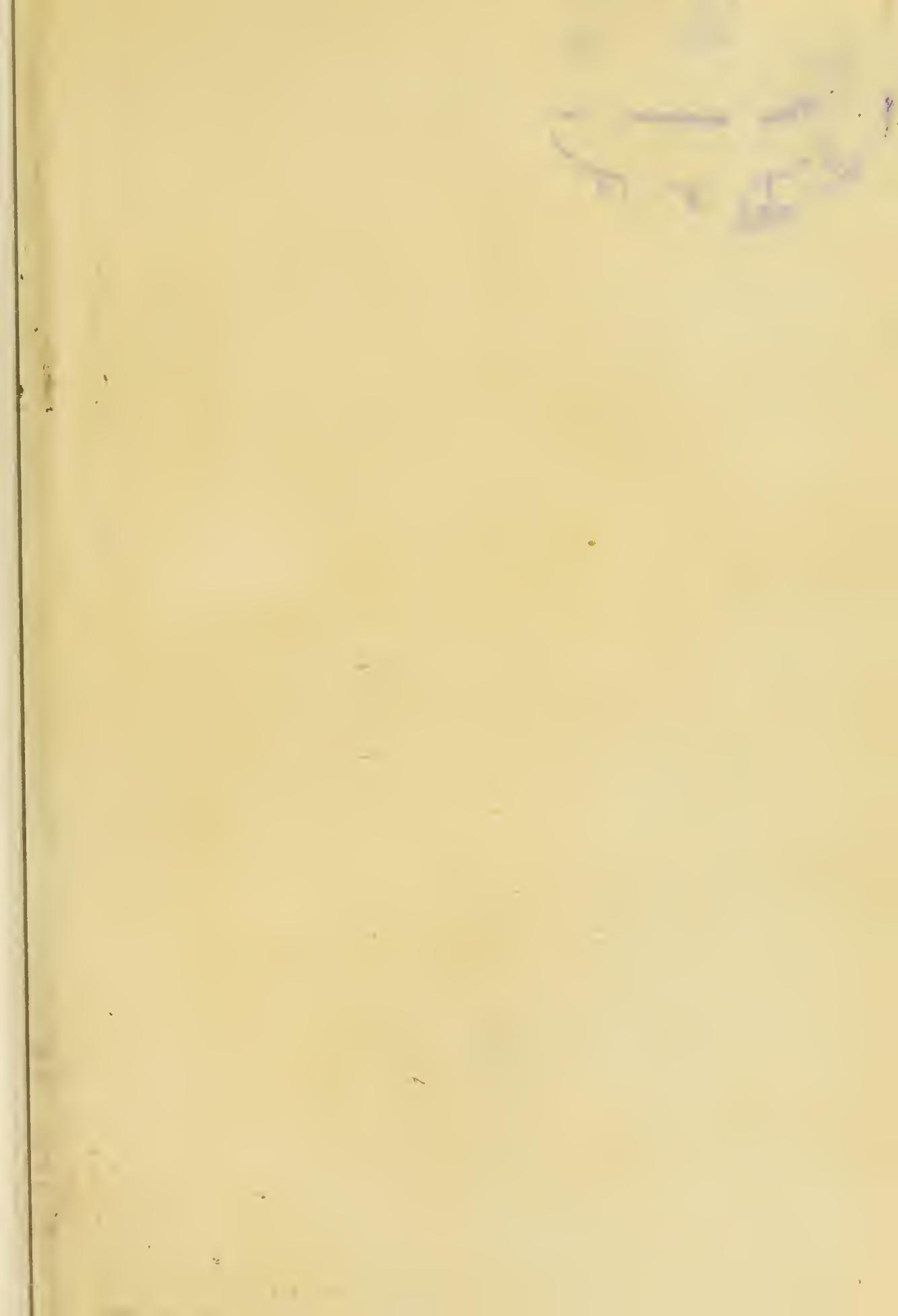
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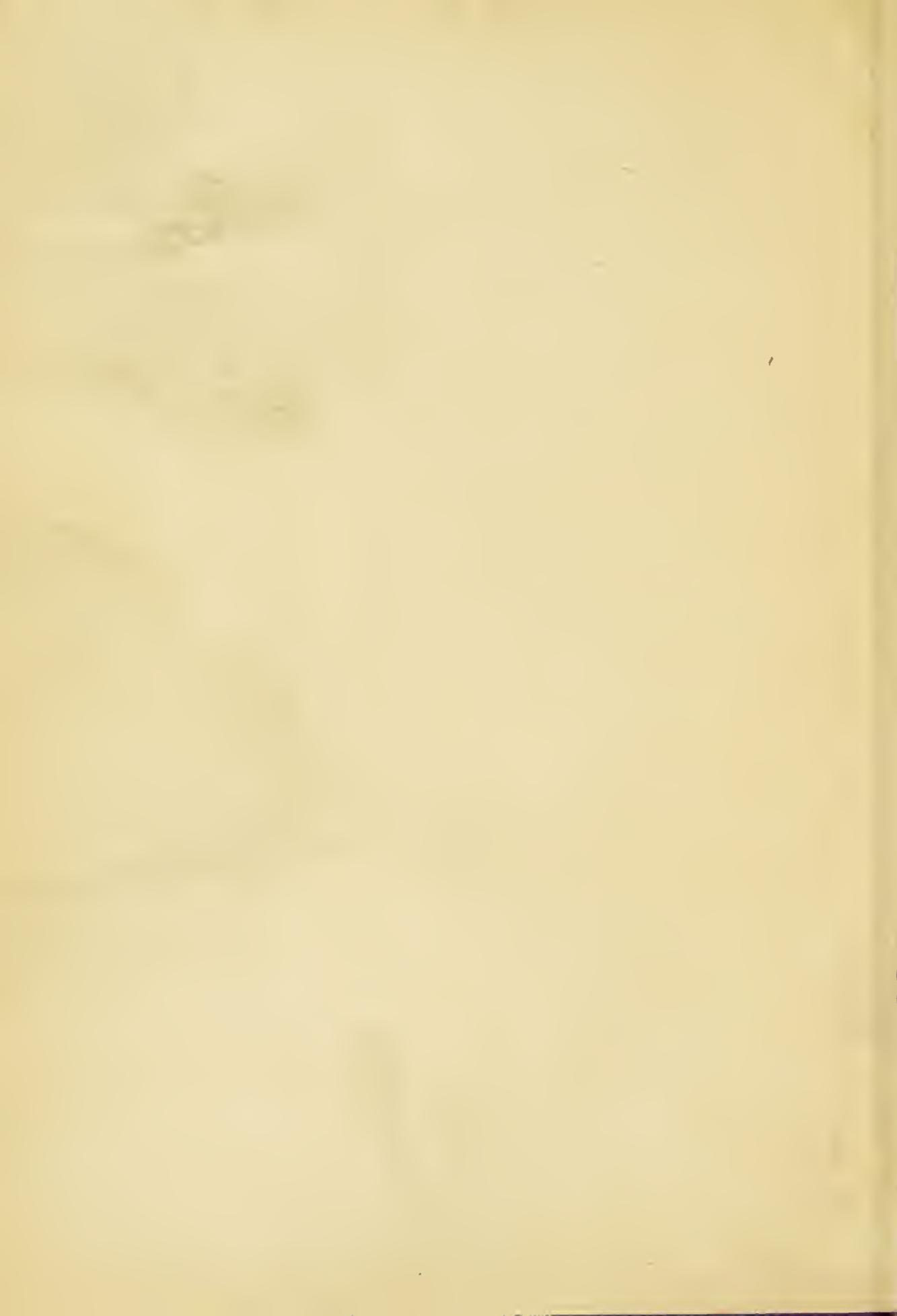


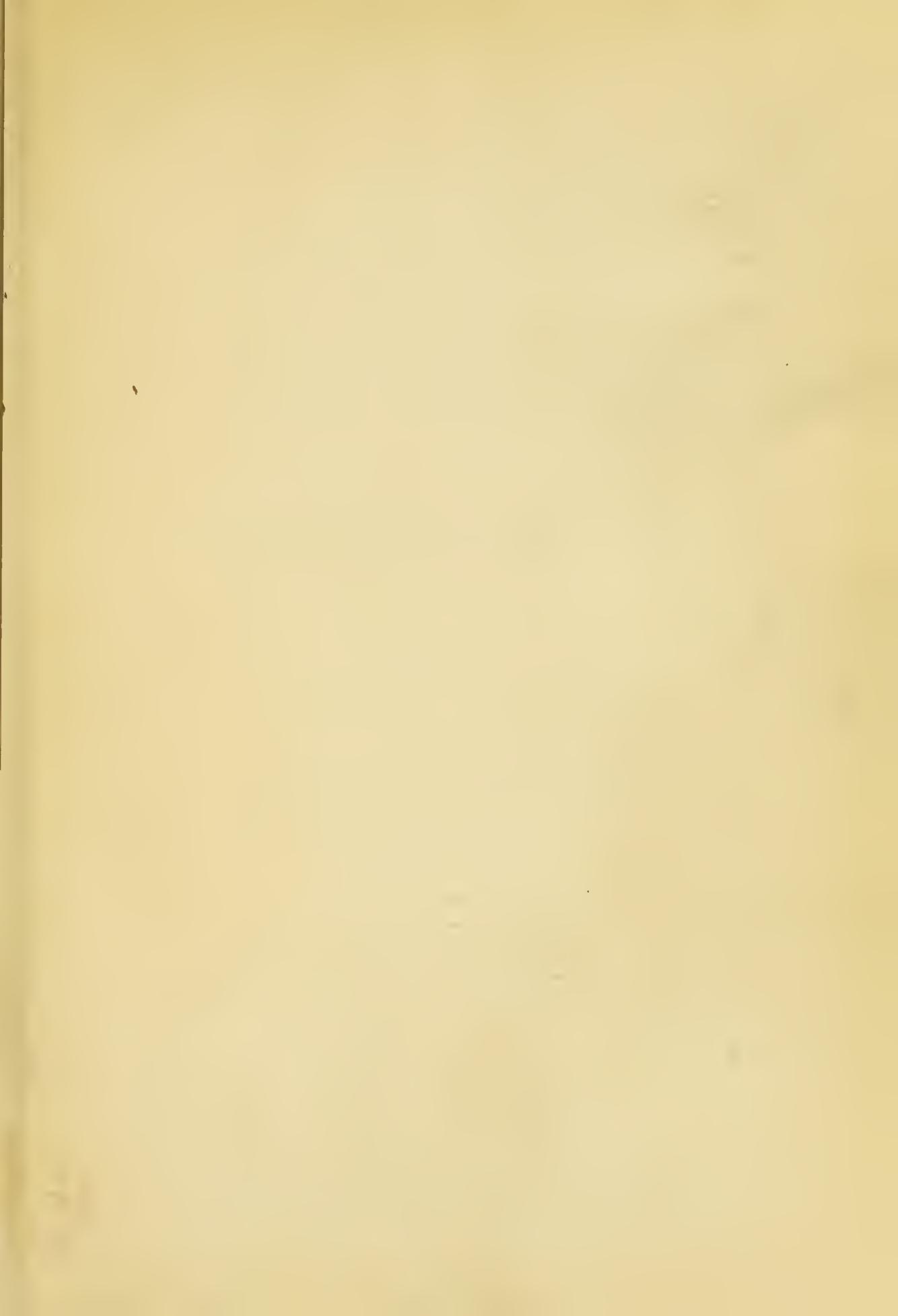
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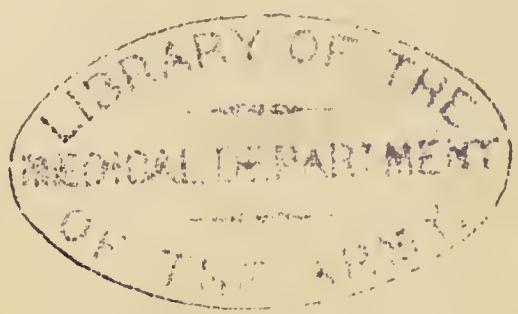


MEMORIES OF A LONG LIFE

by
from

R. Burton -

'That time of year thou mayst in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.'





W.J. MacLean

MEMORIES OF A LONG LIFE

BY

WILLIAM CAMPBELL MACLEAN

C.B., LL.D., Q.H.S., M.D.

SURGEON-GENERAL (RETIRED)

LATE PROFESSOR OF MILITARY MEDICINE, ARMY MEDICAL SCHOOL

HON. SURGEON TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



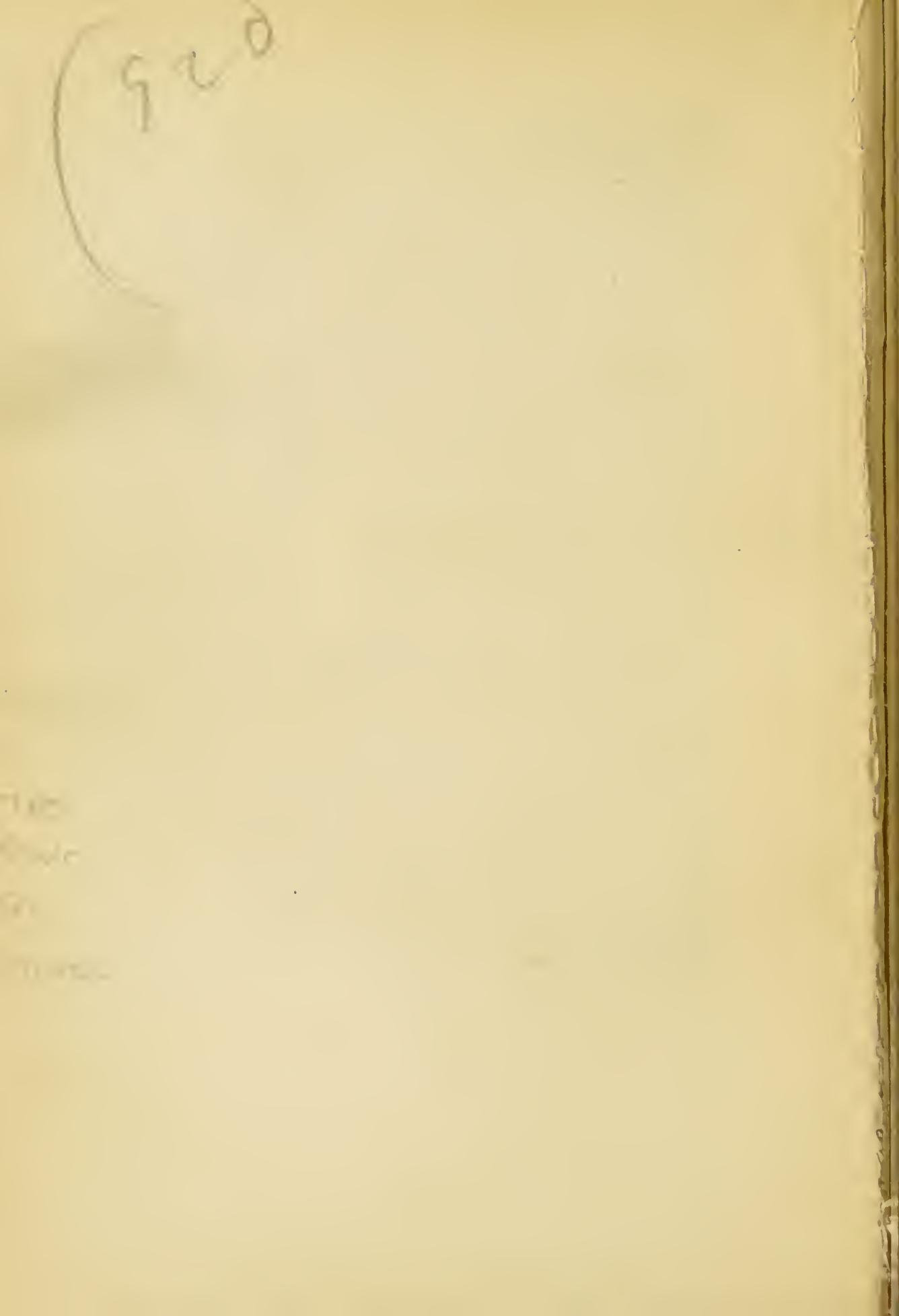
*'But while I mused came Memory, with sad eyes,
Holding the faded annals of my youth.'*

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EDINBURGH

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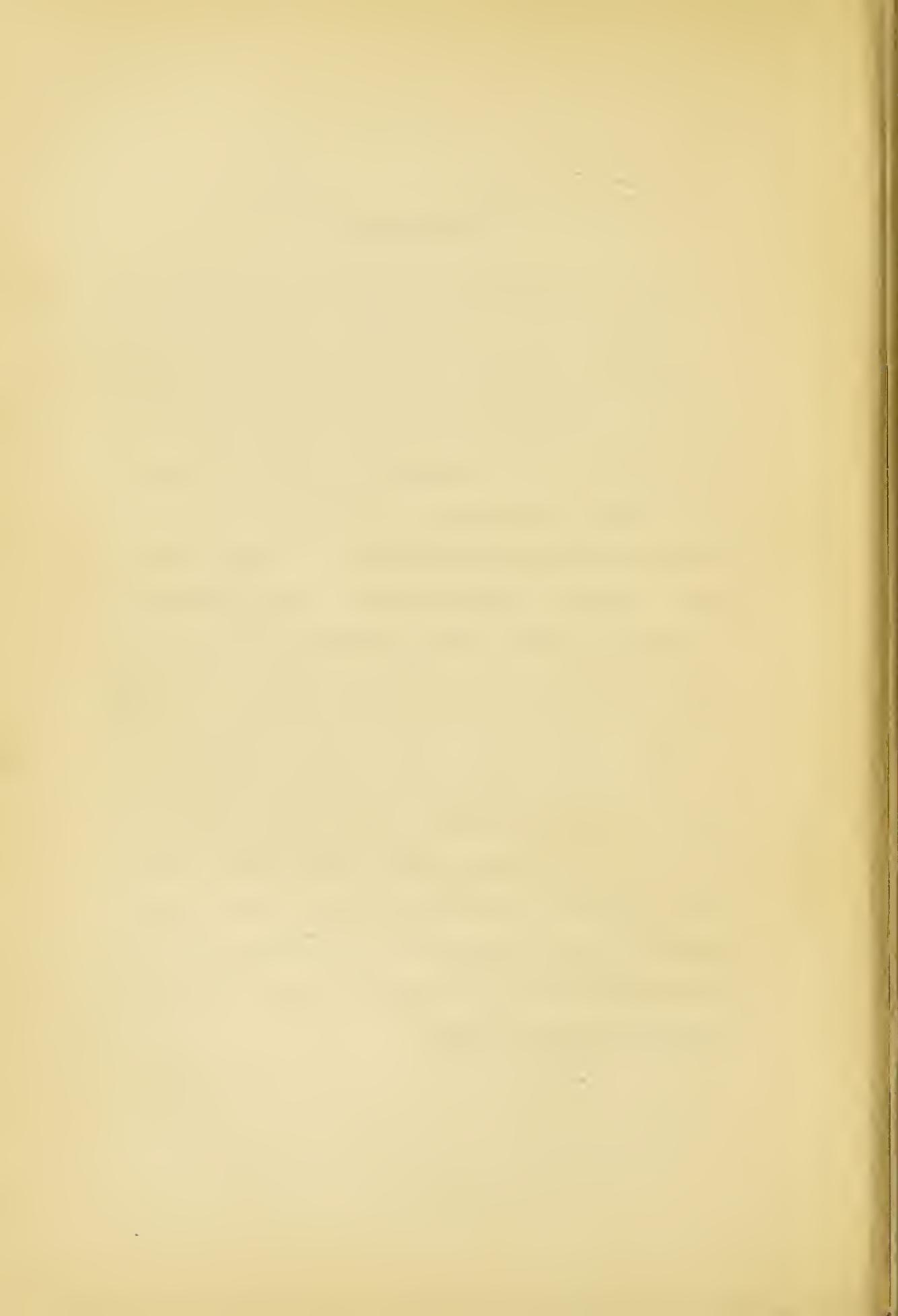
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P R E F A C E

To readers of these *Memories of a Long Life*, other than members of my own family, an apology for the genealogical details into which I have entered seems called for. My children were born and bred far from the Hebrides, and have grown up with little knowledge of their family history, of which it is natural they should desire some information. I have another reason. I have of late years been much gratified by the receipt of letters from gentlemen of my name, in the United States and Canada, asking for details of family history such as I have given in my *Memories*. I have been much touched by the warm interest my correspondents have shown in all that concerns the race from which they sprang. Truly, 'blood is thicker than water'; and to those distant clansmen I send, with copies of this little book, my warm greetings, and best wishes for their prosperity in the land of their adoption.

W. C. M.



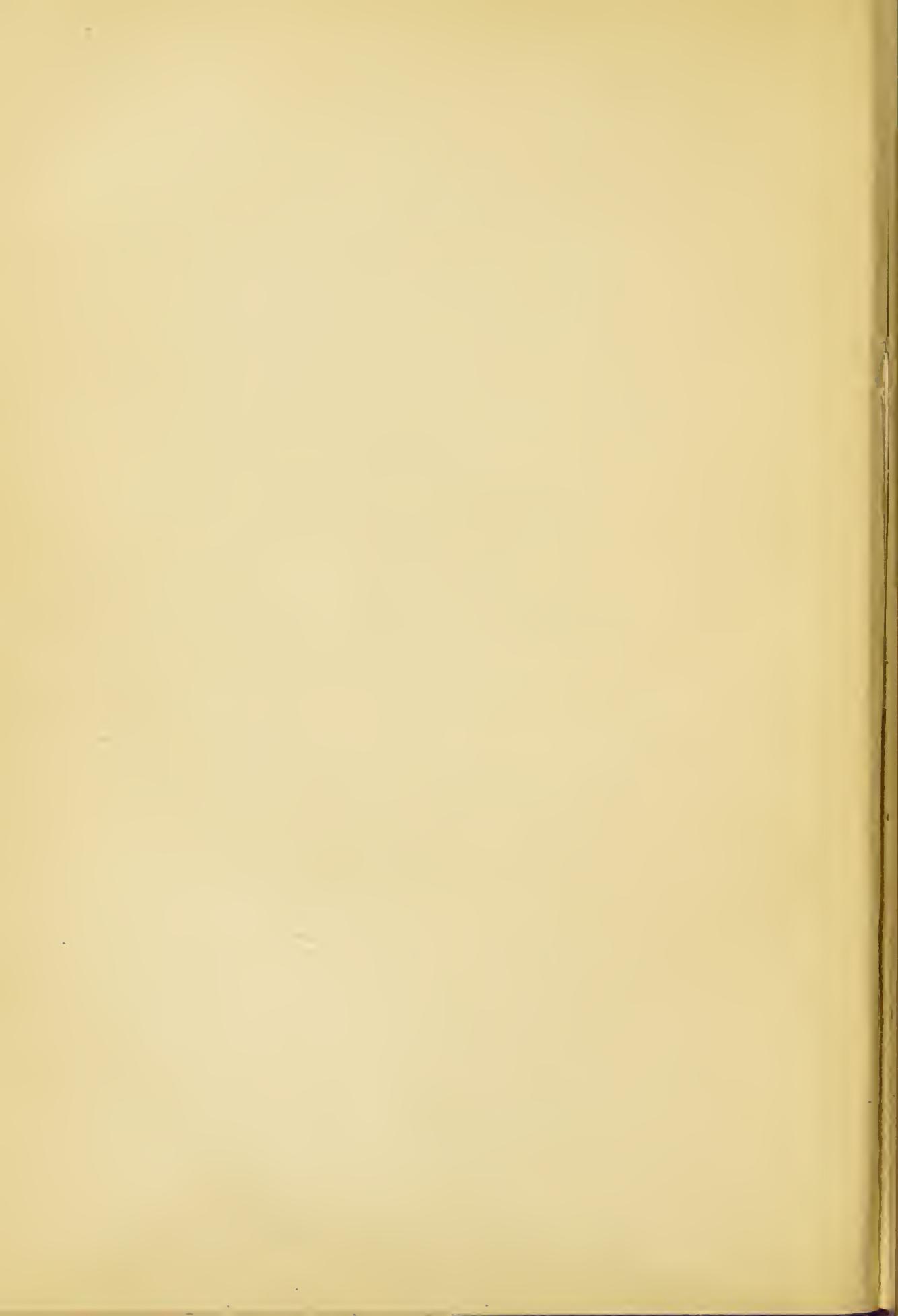
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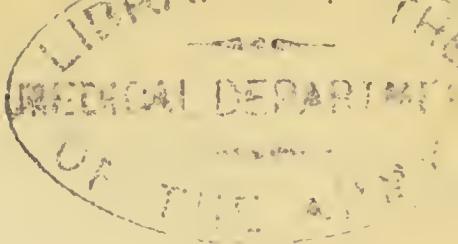
MY WIFE

FOR FIFTY YEARS MY COMPANION

'THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE
IN TROUBLE AND IN JOY'

I DEDICATE THIS RECORD OF A LONG LIFE





CONTENTS

	CHAPTER I	PAGE
PARENTAGE, SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LIFE,	1	
CHAPTER II		
MY EDINBURGH LIFE,	24	
CHAPTER III		
MY TWO VOYAGES,	40	
CHAPTER IV		
LIFE IN PARIS,	63	
CHAPTER V		
I BEGIN MY MILITARY LIFE,	67	
CHAPTER VI		
WAR SERVICE IN CHINA,	88	
CHAPTER VII		
RETURN TO INDIA—LIFE AT HYDERABAD,	142	
CHAPTER VIII		
FURLough—RETURN TO INDIA—APPOINTED PROFESSOR OF MILITARY SURGERY IN THE ARMY MEDICAL SCHOOL,	178	
APPENDIX		
FAREWELL ADDRESS TO SURGEONS ON PROBATION,	193	

*I am under great obligations to my nephew,
G. GODFREY CUNNINGHAME, Advocate, for
his kindness in seeing my ‘Memories’ safely
through the Press.*

CHAPTER I

PARENTAGE, SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LIFE

IN the eighty-fourth year of my age I take up my pen to write my life and adventures. It may be said that, at my advanced age, my thoughts ought to be directed more to the life to come than to the life that is past. I hope I am not unmindful that an old man, however strong and vigorous he may appear to be, ‘is like a tower undermined, which may totter and fall when men are admiring its proportions and stability.’ My belief is that my children will read with interest the record of a long life, for the most part spent in the service of my country, under conditions differing in many important particulars from those of the present day.

I was born, on the 29th of November 1811, at Blackburn House, in Ayr, where my parents were temporarily residing at the time. On both sides of my house I am a Highlander.¹ My father was representative of the family known as the Macleans of Boreray, the first branch of the Macleans of Ardgour, in Argyllshire. The founder of this branch of the Clan was Donald, son of Lachlan Broneach, Chief of Maclean. The Boreray family descended from Neil Ban—*i.e.* ‘the fair’—who was the second son of Donald, the first Maclean of Ardgour. This Neil

¹ Not, however, without a strain of Norman blood through my mother’s side of the house.

THE LIFE OF

Ban obtained the lands of Boreray, and others in North Uist, from Macdonald of Sleat, the then head of the family now known as that of Lord Macdonald of the Isles. These lands remained in my father's family for upwards of three hundred years. Early in the century my father purchased the estate of Drimnin, in Morvern, on the Sound of Mull, from Macdonald of Glenaladale. It had for generations belonged to a branch of the Macleans of Duart, and a regiment of Macleans served under a Maclean of Drimnin at the battle of Culloden. This estate passed out of my eldest brother's hands into those of Sir Charles Gordon, the head of a well-known Catholic family, to whose son it now belongs. I have mentioned the fact that the Clan Maclean fought for the Stuarts in 1745. Some members of my father's family—I suppose, his uncles—were 'out' in the same cause, and, after Culloden, escaped to America, where, I have always understood, they did well. Judge Maclean, of the United States, was a descendant of one or other of my father's 'rebel' relations. He was one of the most eminent lawyers of his time, and his decisions are, I have heard, of authority to this day.

My mother was the youngest daughter of Donald Macleod of Bernera, a very remarkable man in his day, whose history is well known not only in the Western Highlands, but in many other parts of Scotland. This brave gentleman was three times married. His first wife was a daughter of Roderick Macleod, seventeenth of Macleod, and Isabel, daughter of the third Earl of Seaforth. The marriage ceremony was performed by the great-grandfather of Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, the bridegroom being only in his eighteenth year. Twenty children were born of this marriage. From the second son (Alexander)

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

sprang the Macleods of Harris, for a considerable time one of the wealthiest and most influential families in the Western Highlands. The sixth daughter, Janet, was the mother of Sir John Macpherson, Baronet, of the Bengal Civil Service, who, after the retirement of Warren Hastings, was for a time Governor-General of India in 1785. It is a curious fact that Sir John was groomsman to his grandfather, Donald Macleod of Bernera, when in the year 1768 he married my grandmother, Margaret Macleod of Greshornish. The following is the inscription on a monumental tablet erected to my grandfather's memory in the Priory Church of Rodil, in Harris, by Captain Alexander Macleod, a son by his first marriage :—

‘To the memory of Donald Macleod of Berneray, son of John, Tutor (that is, Guardian) of Macleod, who in vigour of body and mind, and firm adherence to the principles of his ancestors, resembled the men of former times. His grandfather and grand-uncle were knighted by King Charles II. for their loyalty and distinguished valour in the battle of Worcester. When the standard of the House of Stuart, to which he was attached, was displayed, A.D. 1745, though past the prime of life, he took up arms, had a share in the actions of that period, and in the battle of Falkirk vanquished a dragoon hand to hand. From this time he lived at his house of Berneray, universally beloved and respected. In his seventy-fifth year he married his third wife, by whom he had nine children, and died in his ninetieth year, the 16th December 1783. This monument was erected by his son, Alexander Macleod of Harris, Esq.’

Macleod of Bernera’s second wife was a daughter of Macdonald of Sleat. They lived together for nineteen years without issue.

At the age of seventy-five my grandfather married his third wife Margaret, aged sixteen, a daughter of the Rev. Donald Macleod of Greshornish, who was a great-grandson, by direct descent, of Sir Roderick

THE LIFE OF

Mor Macleod of Dunvegan, who died in 1626. The Rev. Donald Macleod of Greshornish was a man of much culture, and a graceful Gaelic poem addressed by him to his bride on the morning of his wedding day, still survives.

There were nine children by this third marriage. The eldest son was Lieut.-General Sir John Macleod, C.B., K.H., Colonel of the 78th Highlanders, born in 1769, died 1851. He was severely wounded in Holland when leading his regiment into action. He married a daughter of Colonel Finlayson, by whom he had one son, Donald John, who was a major in the Scots Greys, and died just as that regiment was embarking for service in the Crimea. The second was Donald Macleod, who commanded an 'East Indiaman,' at a time when the trade with India and China was restricted to the ships of the Honourable East India Company. The third son was Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Macleod, K.C.B., of the Madras Army, a very distinguished officer, who was badly wounded, and 'returned' in error as 'killed in action' when serving with the force under the command of General Doveton. He was a man of splendid physique and soldier-like appearance. Even in the crowded streets of London I have often seen men and women, when I have been walking with him, turn round to admire his fine figure and noble bearing. He married Miss Chinnery, and died without issue.

Of the six daughters by Bernera's third marriage, five married as follows :—

1. Alexandrina married Norman Macleod of Drynoch, in the Isle of Skye.
2. Anne married Kenneth Campbell of Strond.
3. Marion married Major Alexander Macleod of Dalvey, in Elginshire.
4. Christina married Major Macdonald of Arkernish.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

5. Jessie (my mother) married John Maclean of Boreray and Drimnin.

The children of Jessie, the fifth daughter, were as follows :—

1. Alexandrina, born 20th of July 1798, died 1870.
2. Donald, born 10th November 1799, died 1874.
3. Marion, born 30th June 1801, died December 1892.
4. Margaret, born 22nd August 1802, died 1863.
5. John, born 12th January 1804, drowned 26th July 1813.
6. Archibald Neil, born 28th February 1805, died 1875.
7. Maria Flora, born 17th October 1806, died 13th December 1809.
8. Roderick Norman, born 2nd July 1808, died 1845.
9. Allan, born 20th May 1810, died September 1810.
10. William Campbell, born 29th November 1811.
11. Helen Middleton, born 17th June 1816, died 1890.

My eldest sister Alexandrina married Major-General Duncan Macpherson¹ of the Bengal Army, who died at Cheltenham in the year 1853, having had two sons and three daughters who survived to adult age. The second son by this marriage, William, is now a Judge of the High Court of Justice in Calcutta. John, the eldest son, was an officer of the Bengal Army; he married a Miss Keyworth, an exceedingly interesting and accomplished girl. When on her honeymoon in the Isle of Wight she con-

¹ General Duncan Macpherson was of a Badenoch family, nearly related to Cluny Macpherson, chief of that clan. It never was my fortune to know a better man in every relation of life. As an officer and civil administrator, he was highly respected as a gallant and just man. When I was a mere boy, he conceived a great affection for me, which I fully reciprocated. He treated me as a son, and so long as I live I shall cherish his memory as of the best and truest friend, spite of the difference in years, I ever made.

THE LIFE OF

tracted enteric fever, was taken to her father's house in Paris, where she died in 1859-60. Her husband returned to his duty, and died in India shortly afterwards. The eldest daughter, Louisa, married Major Armstrong of the 15th Regiment, by whom she had four sons and three daughters. She now lives in London, and is a widow. The second daughter died, when under twenty, at Cheltenham. The third daughter, Alexa, married her cousin, the Rev. Dr. John Macleod, now minister of Govan, Glasgow, by whom she has five sons and two daughters.

My eldest brother, Donald, succeeded to the estate of Drimnin in Argyllshire. He married his cousin, Miss Macleod of Dalvey, and died in North Devon 1874, and was buried in the churchyard of Northam in that county. His wife survived him for many years, and her remains were buried in the same grave as her husband.

Marion never married, and died in 1892 at the advanced age of ninety-one years.

Margaret married the Rev. Dr. John Macleod, Minister of Morvern, who was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Dean of the Most Ancient Order of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal. By this marriage she had two daughters who died young, and two sons, the Rev. Dr. Norman, formerly Minister of St. Stephen's Church, Edinburgh, now (1895) Minister of the High Church of Inverness; and the Rev. Dr. John, Minister of Govan, Glasgow.

John followed Margaret in the family, and was accidentally drowned at Ayr in 1813.

Archibald Neil attained the rank of Major-General in the Bengal Army, and died in London in June 1875. His wife was a daughter of John Hyde Pelly, of the Bombay Civil Service. There was no issue of the marriage.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

Maria Flora died when a child—was, in fact, burnt to death.

Roderick Norman entered the Bengal Army, and distinguished himself at Candahar under General Nott, in the first Afghan War, when serving in the 2nd Bengal Grenadiers; was made A.D.C. to Lord Ellenborough, Governor-General of India, and afterwards, while on the staff of Lord Hardinge,—who succeeded Lord Ellenborough as Governor-General,—was wounded at the battle of Maharajpore. He married Flora, daughter of Major-General Sir Walter Gilbert, commanding the Sirhind Division of the Bengal Army; died at sea, four months after his marriage, in 1845, and was buried at sea off Cape Comorin. He left no issue.

Allan died four months after his birth.

I come next (tenth) in this large family, and my life and adventures will be traced in this record.

Helen was born at St. Andrews in 1816. She married her cousin, Donald Macleod, and died on Christmas eve 1890, leaving one son, Henry D. Macleod, now a planter in Ceylon, who married Miss B. De Caen, and two daughters: Flora, married John D. Davenport, of Balliol College, Oxford, a barrister in practice at the Equity Bar; Alice, the youngest daughter, married my second son, A. D. Maclean, a planter in Ceylon, in 1891, and alas! died in that island in the following year. Another daughter died young. The remains of my sister Helen lie in Northam Churchyard, North Devon, not far from the grave of my brother Donald and his wife.

Having brought the above dry genealogical details to an end, I resume my personal history. I cannot tell the exact date of the departure of the family from Ayr for St. Andrews, to which place they went either in 1814 or 1815. My earliest recollections begin with

THE LIFE OF

our residence in that ancient University town. I was in my fourth year when the battle of Waterloo was fought. I am not sure that I can remember the event, but I have a most distinct recollection of the following year. I can perfectly recall seeing a number of military men, most of them near relations, who were guests in my father's house, released from active service by the peace that followed that memorable event, emphatically one of the 'Decisive Battles of the World.' To this day I never hear or read of Waterloo, of Bonaparte, of Wellington, of Blücher, without my memory going back to my childish years, when these names were household words. I used to sit on the rug before the fire listening to the conversations of many of those who had taken part in the great battle, who had seen Wellington, under whom they had all fought, and not a few of them profusely bled. My father all his life was a keen politician, a Tory of the Tories, and took the deepest interest in public affairs ; and thus, from the habit I contracted of listening to the talk of my seniors, I became familiar with at least the names of the statesmen who then governed the world at home and abroad. In after years, when domiciled on my father's estate of Drimnin, the Highlands swarmed with half-pay officers who had served with the Highland regiments in Spain, Holland, and Belgium, to say nothing of India. I well remember the delight with which I listened to their adventures and hair-breadth escapes by 'flood and field.' The Highland regiments, which the wisdom of Chatham had called into existence, were *Highland* in something more than in name, and Gaelic was, as much as English, the language of the mess-table. Many Highland officers obtained their commissions in the service by bringing, through their family influence, splendid fighting recruits whose

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

fathers had shed their blood for the Stuarts, and who maintained the reputation of their clans on many bloody fields, fighting for the Hanoverian dynasty, after the hopes of the gallant race of Stuart were quenched in the blood of Culloden. My uncle, Sir John Macleod, in this way brought 600 gallant men to the colours of the 78th Regiment, when the 2nd Battalion of that distinguished regiment was raised by himself and Lord Seaforth. I take my name of William Campbell from the gallant William Campbell of Ainsay, Colonel of the 78th Highlanders, a bosom friend of my father's, who in 1811, the year of my birth, fell at the head of this brave regiment at the capture of Java.

St. Andrews was then, as now, famous for good schools, and the ancient University had on its staff of Professors some men of eminence as scholars and philosophers. First among the former was the venerable Dr. Hunter, Professor of Latin. His house was next to ours, and as a child I was privileged at all times to visit him in his library, when he would lay his work aside, and, taking me on his knee, give me 'sweeties' from a supply always at hand for his young friends. In the early days at St. Andrews I was attacked by a form of ophthalmia, which for a time threatened permanent blindness. For a time I *was* blind. On one occasion the venerable Doctor Hill, Principal of the University, visited the family on a Sunday afternoon, and found me seated near the fire, scraping on a small fiddle. Being told who was in the room, I asked the Principal 'if God would be angry with a poor blind boy for playing on the fiddle on Sunday.' My mother has often told me that the kind-hearted old man turned aside and wept. I well remember the occasion when vision began to return. My father had thrown his news-

THE LIFE OF

paper on the floor, and placed me on his knee, when, seeing the white newspaper spread out on the dark carpet, I exclaimed, 'I see something white!' The whole household was summoned to hear the joyful news. From that day my recovery was rapid; and in this, the eighty-fourth year of my age, my sight continues to be exceptionally good.

It must have been in the year 1818 or 1819 that the family moved to Edinburgh, and, after a short residence in one of the squares in that city, my father took a lease of a large and commodious house near Stockbridge, known as Deanbank House. It was then quite in the country, and had a large garden, which I very well remember. I have since visited the place, and found the house still standing, although all the surrounding fields are now built over. The chief family event at Deanbank was that my father was there operated upon for stone, by Mr. George Bell, then one of the principal surgeons of the town and the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. The operation was one, I have always heard, of exceptional difficulty, and was not successful, or only partially so. It lasted for an hour, was attended with great suffering, which the surgeons who were present declared to have been borne with heroic patience and without a groan. After some delay and much suffering, my father was taken to London by sea, and placed under the care of Sir Astley Cooper, then at the head of the surgical profession in London. The operation was repeated; considerable relief followed, and for some years my father enjoyed some comparative freedom from his tormenting pain. But, as will be seen further on, he had a return of his affliction, which ended only with his life.

It must have been in 1820 that the family left Edinburgh for Drimnin, the estate purchased, as

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

already mentioned, by my father many years before. I was sent in advance with my eldest brother, Donald, and some of the servants. The journey, now so easily accomplished, was a troublesome one at that time, and took several days to accomplish. The part of the journey I remember best was that from Oban in an open boat. The wind was light and contrary, and attended with rain, and we were forced to put into Achnaacraig, in the island of Mull, and to remain for the night in a small inn at that place. On the following day we arrived at the Manse of Morvern, an event very memorable to me. This was the manse or parsonage afterwards made so well known by Dr. Norman Macleod in his *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*. The then minister of Morvern was the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, a venerable old man. I see him now as distinctly in my mind's eye as when before me in the flesh. Tall, with a noble head, from which streamed white hair down to his shoulders, although far advanced in years, he had a commanding presence, and was still able to do duty—at all events, to preach occasionally. He was noted in the Highlands as an admirable Gaelic scholar and an eloquent preacher. Like all his descendants, he had both wit and humour, was a well-read man, and was much loved by his people. In addition to his glebe—large enough to be a considerable farm—he rented from the Duke of Argyll some of the 'green hills of Morvern' as a sheep farm; in this way adding to the narrow parochial stipend enough to maintain his large family in comfort. I well remember his love of the classics. He had his Virgil at his finger-ends, and I believe if—as Macaulay said of *Paradise Lost*—every copy of the works of Virgil had been lost, he could from memory have preserved for the ages to come as many lines of his favourite author as pro-

THE LIFE OF

bably any one then living. He had a large family of sixteen children, most of whom died young. The eldest son, known throughout the Western Highlands as 'Young Norman,' was then minister of Campbeltown—a singularly handsome man. His visits to Morvern were greatly appreciated in his father's parish. He inherited a full share of the mental gifts long hereditary in his family, was probably the greatest master of the Gaelic language then living, and renowned for his eloquence in that language wherever it was spoken. He was the author of a pathetic Gaelic song very popular among the Morvern people, which I have heard sung by them on festive occasions, and always listened to with delight. The subject of it was 'Farewell to Fuinary,'—the name of his birthplace, the Manse of Fuinary—and was descriptive of his feelings on leaving it when it ceased to be his home. As I have said, he had a large share of the wit and humour hereditary in his house, and which in full measure he transmitted to his still more celebrated son, Dr. Norman Macleod of the Barony, Glasgow, editor of *Good Words*. His translation of 'John Gilpin' into Gaelic was perhaps as happy an example of the difficult art of preserving not the words only, but the life and spirit of the original piece, as is to be found in any language.

The sisters of the family were, one and all, exceptionally clever; two of them remarkably so—Anne, the eldest, and Jane, afterwards Mrs. Maxwell, than whom it would have been difficult to find in any society two women of quicker parts, more enlarged views, or greater perspicacity. Only two of them arrived at old age, the two just named. One after another, in rapid succession, the others died early. Before the old man's death, his son John was appointed his father's assistant and successor, and

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

remained minister of Morvern throughout his life. He will long be remembered in the Highlands as the 'High Priest of Morvern,' from his great stature—over six feet eight inches ; and not only for his magnificent physical presence, but his conspicuous ability and intellectual force. He loved his people and was beloved by them. It was no common tie that bound him to his Highland parish ; he knew every acre of it as well as his own garden, and in the darkest night, on horseback or on foot, could find his way over its hills and through its valleys. He was equally at home in his boat on its often stormy waters, and was one of the most skilful steersmen of his time—a difficult art of which he was a past master. Like all his family, he was a first-rate Gaelic scholar, and it is not too much to say that, perhaps with the exception of his elder brother, he spoke the language with greater purity than any one living in his time. As a preacher in Gaelic, he was renowned wherever that language is spoken, and I well remember how the men of Morvern hung upon his lips as he roused their religious enthusiasm by the eloquence of his appeals. The reverend doctor was noted for his knowledge of ecclesiastical law. The late Lord Colonsay said of him, that he had the judicial faculty so well developed, that if he had turned his attention to law he would probably have risen to the highest position in that great profession. It is needless to add that, like the other members of this gifted family, he abounded in wit and humour ; was a delightful companion and an incomparable *raconteur*. With a keen sense of the ridiculous, he rarely entered a railway carriage or a steam passenger ship without encountering odd people, and meeting with adventures which he related afterwards with admirable humour. Many were the offers of prefer-

THE LIFE OF

ment made to him, which were declined on the ground that, as his people at the time of the Disruption stuck to him, it was his duty to stand by them; and so it came about that he lived and died in the Manse of Morvern. He presided over the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, as Moderator, with great dignity; his commanding presence, in addition to his other more essential qualifications, well fitted him for presiding over that right reverend and right honourable house. His wife was my third sister. As already stated, two daughters of singular promise died in childhood; but two sons survive, both in conspicuous places in the Church of Scotland, both Doctors of Divinity, and inheriting in large measure the many fine qualities for which their father's family has for generations been noted.

At the Manse of Morvern, amid its gifted occupants, it was my happy fortune to spend the first months of my life in the Highlands, and many more at other times. To this hour I look back, through the long vista of past years, to that pastoral scene with sad pleasure. Of those who did so much to make my boyish days happy there, not one survives.

‘But while I muse comes Memory with sad eyes,
Holding the faded annals of my youth.’

In these I can read once more what will only pass away with myself. I remember all the characters and hangers-on so well described in Norman Macleod's *Reminiscences*; in fact, they were more familiar to me than they were to him, who knew most of them only at second hand. I saw them all. So long as I live I can never forget one man in particular—*Donnacha Cheobair*, ‘Duncan the Shepherd.’ This worthy man conceived a great affection for me; it was my delight to go with him to ‘the hill,’ to see

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

him, with the aid of his clever dogs, gather his sheep and enclose them for shearing or other purposes in the so-called '*fanks*' or folds.

‘With pensive steps I often strolled
Where Fingal’s castle stood of old,
And listened while the shepherd told
The legend tales of Fuinary.’

I never hear the bleating of a flock of sheep to this day without recalling Duncan and the many happy hours I spent with him on the green hills of Morvern.

‘O hither lend thy feet !
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds.’

Since the manse has passed into other hands I have had, not without emotion, brief glimpses of this ‘the most blessed memory of my age.’ I shall never see it again; but, as Burns sang of a place as dear to him, so say I of dear Fuinary :

‘Green be thy fields and fair thy faulds,
Thy waters never drumlie.’

The family had not been long settled at Drimnin when my father’s health again gave way.

The old complaint—never, I believe, successfully dealt with—returned; his sufferings were renewed; and, worn out by this tormenting affliction, he at last, to his own infinite relief, succumbed. Like the patriarchs of old, my father had a vehement desire to be buried with his ancestors in the old burial-ground of the family at Ard a Bhòrain, which had received the mortal remains of the Boreray Macleans for three hundred years. My eldest brother has often told me that, again and again in the course of his long illness, my

THE LIFE OF

father gave expression to this desire. The night he died, shortly before he became unconscious, he turned to his son, and, holding up his right hand in a very solemn way, said, 'Donald, remember Ard a Bhòrain !' and never spoke again.

To this lonely spot his body was taken, and there, in that small island, 'far amid the melancholy main,' it rests—the last of his race that will ever sleep there.

Shortly after his death heavy pecuniary losses fell on the family. The manufacture of kelp, the incinerated ashes of the sea-weed that grows so abundantly on the shores of the Western Hebrides, and is cast up by the stormy Atlantic in vast quantities—ceased to be a profitable manufacture. It was from kelp that the soap-boilers and glass-manufacturers obtained the alkali needed for their business. They had long been agitating for the removal of the duty on Spanish barilla, the name given to the impure carbonate of soda made chiefly in the Canary Islands and Sicily. It is prepared from two plants, the *Salsola sativa* and an allied species. These plants are dried in the sun and burned; the soda which the plants contain is fused; when hard and of a spongy consistence, it is broken into fragments and ready for shipment. In fact, the process closely resembles that for the manufacture of kelp. Unfortunately for the Highland proprietors in the Western Hebrides, barilla contains from 16 to 24, and even 30 per cent. of pure carbonate of soda, a percentage far in excess of kelp for soap-boiling and glass-making purposes.¹

¹ In response to the agitation of the manufacturers, the duty on barilla, which, until 1822, stood at 11s. 4d. per cwt., was reduced to 8s. 6d., and in 1831 to 2s. per cwt., and now, I suppose, it has been abolished altogether.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

This abolition of duty is memorable for two reasons: it may be said to have been the first real step taken in the direction of Free Trade, and it certainly was the direct means of reducing the Hebridean proprietors from affluence to very straitened circumstances—many of them to poverty. It was also the first step in the direction of the destitution of the crofters, so often since calling for the intervention of Parliament to save them from want.¹ As a class, up to the event just described, they had lived contented and happy, and in reasonably comfortable circumstances. I remember the father of the late Sheriff Shaw of North Uist, who had long been factor for the Macdonalds of Clanranald, mentioning in my presence, that when this blow fell on the kelp industry, the income of the Clanranald of that time from kelp was £30,000 a year.

Nor was this all. During the great Napoleonic wars the Highland proprietors raised a large number of 'black cattle,' so called. With the peace of 1815, a great fall in the price of cattle took place, and this contributed largely to diminish the incomes of Highland proprietors and their tenants.

At the time of which I now write, Protection was the order of the day. High duties were maintained on tea, tobacco, and, more particularly, spirits. Smuggling was consequently in full force. Illicit distillation was everywhere practised in the lonely Highland glens, and on the western coasts of the Highlands

¹ At the beginning of this century not less than twenty thousand tons of kelp were manufactured in the West Coast of Scotland alone which, at the price then prevailing, represented a contribution to the national wealth of at least £400,000, exclusive of that contributed in the same way by the Orkneys and Shetlands. 'It was not only the admission of Spanish barilla, duty free, which reduced the price of kelp from £20 to £2 a ton; the Leblusac process of manufacturing sodium carbonate, as well as potassium salts, greatly contributed to the same result.'

THE LIFE OF

several brigs of war, and a great many revenue cutters, were employed to intercept the smuggling luggers annually sent out, chiefly from Flushing, laden with gin, brandy, and tobacco. It was understood that if one in three escaped capture, the trade paid well. H.M. Ships *Nimrod* and *Cherokee* were employed on this service: the former commanded by Captain Charles Nelson, a nephew of the great Admiral; the latter by Captain, afterwards Admiral, Keats, who died some years ago in North Devon. The officers of both ships, under different commissions, were intimate with my family, and were frequent and welcome guests at Drimnin. I remember being taken where a smuggled cargo had been 'run' and hidden in one of the Drimnin woods. I recall the neat and handy way in which the kegs of gin and brandy were fitted with slings, and the small bales of tobacco in like manner, for easy transport inland.

It was about the time of my father's death that my brother Archibald went to India as a cadet in the Bombay Army. The education of my brother Roderick and myself was confided to tutors. Looking back on their work, I cannot say that they were efficient. One went out of his mind, and had to leave. He was succeeded by another, a strange and somewhat morose man. His favourite book was *Zimmerman on Solitude*. He rarely appeared to read anything else. He was, moreover, an indolent man, caring little for his pupils, and more given to indulge his own morbid fancies, than to discharge his duties. This I well know, we were not much indebted to him as a teacher.

About a year after my father's death, my mother took us with her to North Uist on a visit to her mother, who was then residing on the island of

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

Killigray with my aunt, Mrs. Campbell of Strond, then, and for many years before, a widow. I have a clear recollection of my grandmother, the widow of the well-known Donald Macleod of Bernera, whose somewhat remarkable history I have already related. My grandmother was well stricken in years. Every one of her nine children, with one exception, were then alive. A stately person she was, with not a little of the reserve towards young people that was a notable characteristic of Highland manners. As a natural consequence, we children were more awed than attracted by her. She lived for some years after this visit, and died full of years, much honoured by her own children and among Hebridean families, as the widow of a man so well known as the famous 'old Bernera.' My aunt Campbell soon after left the Highlands for good, living with her family for many years in Edinburgh, and afterwards at Forres, in the county of Elgin, or Moray, to be near her sister, Mrs. Macleod of Dalvey, where she died. In her youth, like all the children of her father, she was very good-looking, and to the end, like all her race, carried herself with much grace and dignity. Her children too were all very handsome.

It must have been in the year 1824 that my brother Roderick and I were sent to Dollar Academy, in Clackmannanshire. A native of the place—I think his name was McNab—left a considerable fortune to establish a school for the benefit of the inhabitants. To all born in the parish, the education was free. A handsome building, in the Grecian style, was erected, and the government of the school was vested in the parish minister and the elders. In my time, the incumbent was the Rev. Dr. Milne. To the best of my belief there was only one parochial elder in existence while I was in the school, an old and un-

THE LIFE OF

educated man, who was never consulted; and the story went that the reverend Doctor, wishing to have the government in his own hands, never—certainly not in my time—appointed another. Dr. Milne was seldom seen in or about the school—was, in fact, a recluse; I can only recall having seen him once or twice out of the pulpit. The masters were allowed to have boarders, and the sons of many of the best county families were boarded in their houses. The largest house was that of Mr. Tenant, the classical teacher. He was well known as the author of *Anst'er Fair*, and was a great verse-maker. He always had a slate beside him in school hours, on which I have often seen him inscribe his lines and laboriously correct them.

Tenant was sadly deformed, having one large and one small club-foot, and could only stand with the aid of crutches. He was no mean scholar, and not a bad teacher, when he gave his mind to his work. When made amiable by a few boys bringing up a good exercise, or construing so as to please him, he would indulge in many pleasantries, always addressing his favourite pupils in a familiar abbreviation of their Christian names, and lavish of his praise, particularly when a passage of a favourite author was happily rendered.

My brother and myself were boarded with Mr. Bell, the mathematical master. He was an amiable, shy, reserved man, who always went about, as the peasants say in Scotland, ‘with his head in a creel’—i.e. a basket—in fact, deeply absorbed in some mathematical problem. He took not the least trouble with his house-pupils, never concerning himself with their work, or apparently caring whether they did any work at all. He had married the good-looking, but extremely delicate, daughter of a well-to-do farmer, whose farm was on the side of the river Devon most remote from

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

the school. This lady, during the time I knew her and lived in her house, was in miserable health, and quite incapable of looking after her household affairs, which were managed by her mother on strictly economical principles. Her son-in-law was not a mean man, but never appeared to know what was 'set before him'; in this particular, following Paul's advice to his Corinthian converts, and 'asking no questions.' Under this *régime* we were not well fed, and were in every way ill cared for.

When I entered this school I was a raw lad, having no experience of school life, and knowing nothing of schoolboys and their ways. It was most emphatically a fighting school. I was not a quarrelsome boy—far from it—and, if permitted, would gladly have lived in peace with my companions. But this was not to be. Before I had been a week in the school, three or four fights were arranged for me. In vain I pleaded that I had no illwill at those opposed to me. I was told that it was not a question of illwill at all, but simply a friendly battle, a trial of strength and skill. Strength I had not, for I was far from being a strong boy, but some skill I had. Boxing in those days was a favourite amusement with young men. My elder brothers were adepts with the 'gloves,' and had given me many painful lessons in the 'noble art of self-defence,' lessons which I now turned to good effect. My first fight was with a good-natured but brave lout, Tammy Scotland by name. Tammy was a renowned fighter, could both give and receive any amount of punishment. Nearly every boy in the school was present in the immense ring formed for the battle, and all were on the tip-toe of expectation to see the Highlander well thrashed by Tammy. Alas! this school Goliath fared at the hands of the Highland David like the famous Philistine from the

THE LIFE OF

sling of the shepherd. Tammy came at me with more energy than science. I had little trouble in guarding my face from his ill-directed blows, and quickly found that I could punish him at pleasure. Soon the ‘claret’ flowed from my adversary’s nose. Infuriated by the stinging effect of my sharp knuckles, Tammy ‘tint his reason a’thegither,’ like his namesake Tam at the witches’ dance in the Kirk of Alloway, and struck out wildly, exposing his face more and more, until his lips were cut, bleeding, and swollen, and—‘oh ! what a surprise !’—Tammy had ‘two lovely black eyes,’ and was taken almost blind out of the ring. This established my reputation ; a few more fights were with some difficulty arranged, in which I was able to hold my own with boys older and heavier than myself, and then my fighting work was over. I must not forget to say that Tammy never showed me any illwill. Long years after this I received, when quartered at Arcot, an old Dollar man, David Fowlis, then an assistant-surgeon in the Madras Army. He was on his way to England in bad health, and was my guest for a week. He reminded me of my battle with Tammy, of which he and his brother Archibald were eye-witnesses. Archibald was an officer of Horse Artillery. We met on service in China, when he joined the expedition (that of 1840). Both brothers are long since dead : excellent fellows they were, both as boys and men.

My brother, Roderick Norman, remained at Dollar only one year, when he went to Edinburgh and studied there; finally sailing for Calcutta to join the Army of Bengal in 1826. From that country, as will be seen further on, he never returned.

On my return to Dollar I changed my house, moving to that of a Mr. Mackersie, who had two sons in the Academy, and kept one or two boarders.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

In this house I was better cared for, did more work, and was much happier. But my health was not good : I became subject to sick headaches, from which I had occasionally suffered at home, and these becoming more frequent and severe, I was finally removed from Dollar, and kept at home under a tutor. I was not fortunate in the selection made, and rather lost than gained under his tuition. I developed, however, into a greedy reader of a miscellaneous kind. It was at this time I devoured Scott's novels, which gave me an amount of pleasure I can never forget. To this day, so tenacious is my memory of those famous stories, that few people now living know their Scott better than I do. My health having improved, I was sent at the end of a year to Edinburgh, and entered the Edinburgh Academy, in the sixth class. The Rector at that time was Archdeacon Williams, familiarly known and affectionately remembered under the name of '*Punch*' by all his old pupils. I lived with my aunt Campbell at 21 Lynedoch Place, overlooking the Water of Leith, where the Dean Bridge now spans the chasm. In my dear aunt's family I spent, I think, four years, having as my companion her son, Norman, about my own age, who was in the same class with me in the Academy.

CHAPTER II

MY EDINBURGH LIFE

In 1829 I began the study of medicine in the University. I may be said to have drifted into the medical profession without, so far as I can remember, any particular bent in that direction. I had no near relations in the profession, and my desire was for the Army, in which two of my brothers, and many—indeed most—of my nearest relations were serving. My family, however, were opposed to this, chiefly on the ground that my health was not strong enough to face the roughing of military life, more particularly in India. Yet, in adopting the profession of medicine to gratify the wishes of my family, it led me into a department of the army of India, and, as a natural consequence, into the very country and climate for which my constitution was thought so unsuitable, and in which I was destined to live and serve for twenty-two years.

‘There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.’

I studied chemistry under Professor Charles Hope. As an original investigator he left no mark, nor is his name associated with any notable discovery in that progressive science. Yet as a lecturer he was *facile princeps*. He had great powers of clear exposition, and was, without exception, the neatest experimenter I ever saw. I hardly ever witnessed a failure in his

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

manipulations. He had a servant who was always his assistant, and who prepared the apparatus, and knew the details of the experiments on hand as well as his master. He was always as neatly dressed as the Professor himself, was twice as pompous in his manner, and a source of never-failing amusement to the crowded class of students, who always called him ‘Oxygen,’ and never failed to turn him into ridicule whenever an opportunity offered—a fact which he treated with calm contempt, and never appeared to notice.

My anatomical teacher was the famous—some would say the *infamous*—Dr. Knox. He was what was called an *extra-mural* lecturer—that is, he was not a University Professor, the Chair of Anatomy at that time being filled by Monro *tertius*. It was Knox’s cruel fate to be the chief of the Anatomical School, to which the notorious murderers, Burke and Hare, sold the bodies of their victims for dissection. When the terrible fact became public that men had been decoyed into the den of these murderers, and their bodies afterwards disposed of for anatomical purposes, popular wrath was not unnaturally kindled against Knox, and indeed against the whole medical profession. The popular fury against him was so hot that his life was in danger; and there can be no doubt, if the Edinburgh mob had succeeded in laying hands on him, they would have torn him to pieces. Yet the sober truth is that this unhappy man of science never came into personal relations with the miscreants at all. The state of the law was the fundamental cause of the horrible business. It was perfectly well known that human anatomy, the basis of surgery and medicine both as arts and sciences, can only be learned by dissection. Yet not only was no legal provision for the supply of human bodies for this

THE LIFE OF

essential purpose, made by law, but ‘subjects’ could only be obtained *against* law. Hence the existence of a class of ‘body-snatchers,’ or, as they were called, ‘resurrection-men,’ whose ghastly trade was to rob the graveyards of their tenants. These men were hated and regarded as outcasts, more unpopular even than the hangman. They pursued their calling at the risk of their lives, for in most churchyards and burying-places armed men kept watch and ward over their dead, and were quite prepared to execute summary justice on the wretches caught in the exercise of their abominable calling. The outcome of all this was that a high price had to be paid for the bodies thus obtained. Here lay the temptation to men of the class whence came Burke and Hare. The public—not the mere mob—jumped to the conclusion that the unhappy Knox had personal dealings with those men, and must have known how they came by the bodies in which they trafficked. The truth was that he never came into contact with these men at all. The dissecting-room servants dealt with them, and the bodies being kept in spirits, often for months, were not seen by him until they appeared in the lecture-room. His most lenient judges said he was guilty of gross want of care. The answer is, the notion that the bodies had been obtained by murder was too horrible to enter into the head of any one. Popular imagination enormously multiplied the number of victims. When legally investigated, there was no proof that the number exceeded four, at the outside.

Be this as it may, this able lecturer never recovered from the disgrace into which he fell. His name has ever since been associated with criminals, and for him there has, in Scotland at least, been no rehabilitation. Yet his students acquitted him. So long as I live I must remember the reception his large class gave

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

him, when he made his first appearance in the lecture-room after the trial of Burke and Hare.

They believed him innocent; they thought he had been falsely accused, and was a guiltless victim to popular prejudice. The young and generous-hearted men stood up: they cheered, they shouted, they wept, until sheer exhaustion compelled them to cease. It availed little. The man's good name was blasted. He stood his ground for a few years; other lecturers came into the field, more particularly the afterwards famous Professor Sharpey, Secretary to the Royal Society. The number of Knox's pupils declined, and he finally retired to England, made a precarious living as a lecturer, and died in poverty.

As an anatomical teacher, in his best days he had few equals. As a demonstrator his immense command of language was a snare to him. I have often known him find words to expend on the description of a single muscle for a whole hour. Thus he sometimes overloaded his descriptions, and the effect was a loss of time and often wearisome. His knowledge of comparative anatomy was great, and was of immense service to him in his demonstrations in human anatomy.

The most deservedly popular University Professor in the medical faculty was Dr. Alison, brother of the well-known historian. He was Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, or Physiology, and was also one of the physicians to the Royal Infirmary, and much followed as a clinical teacher in its medical wards. By his students he was greatly loved, and as a friend to the sick poor he was well known, and greatly trusted and loved, in the most obscure parts of the Old Town of Edinburgh. In the course of my life I never met a more generous or amiable man, or one who commanded so much esteem and affection. His pupils,

THE LIFE OF

hundreds of whom I have met in different parts of the world, always looked back to their intercourse with him with grateful feelings. He died in middle life, a victim to centric epilepsy. It is a curious fact that this gentle, affectionate, and warm-hearted man had a strong bias for a military life, was an earnest student of military history, and made strategy and tactics subjects of serious study.

The Professor of Medicine in the University was Dr. Home—the representative of the Homes of the Cowdenknowes, in Berwickshire. He lingered on in his Chair long after he had ceased to be an efficient teacher, and even in my time his lectures were considered as at least forty years out of date. The students hit on a curious mode of hinting that ‘superfluous lagged the veteran on the stage.’ There is an old Scottish song, called

‘O the broom, and the bonnie, bonnie broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknowes.’

They hired two fiddlers to march up and down, just below the windows of his lecture-room, looking into Nicolson Street, playing this tune during his lecture hour.

In 1832 I became a licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons. Throughout that year I prepared myself with great diligence for my examination, reading some fifteen or sixteen hours a day. I acquitted myself well. To this day I remember the feeling of rapture—I can use no other word—which took possession of me, as I was ushered into the ‘funking room,’ to await the decision of the examiners, for I knew I had ‘passed.’ I had been uncomfortably nervous, fearing the loss of my mental composure. I was, however, at this, my first serious examination, quite cool, and I believe answered every question correctly. I have often

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

since smiled at the happiness I felt on this occasion ; it was very real, all the same.

In the autumn of 1832 I went with my brother Donald to North Uist. We had, both of us, much enjoyment in this trip, the last time either of us had an opportunity of visiting a part of the Hebrides with which our family had for hundreds of years been so closely connected. We had some first-rate grouse shooting, and, as we skirted the margin of what was then Lord Macdonald's deer forest, we saw a beautiful and interesting sight. We disturbed a large herd of deer, many of them stags. They took to the water, and swam to some islands in the centre of a considerable-sized lake. As they landed they shook the water from their hides in the bright sunshine, and, turning round, stood for a long time at gaze, evidently with feelings of perfect security. There were at least thirty or forty of them.

We were hospitably received in the house of a gentleman whose wife was a relation of my father's family. There we spent some happy weeks. There were two daughters of the house—girls, I supposed under twenty, both of them : very pretty, simple, attractive, and affectionate they were. They had had few educational advantages, and had never, at that time, been on the mainland. They were born and bred in North Uist where we found them. They always reminded me of Walter Scott's Minna and Brenda, in *The Pirate*. Their bringing up had been much the same as that of the daughters of Scott's Udaller. Charming girls they were, and pleasant it was to spend my time in their society. I often accompanied them to the rocky shore facing the great Atlantic, sometimes in calm, watching the lone island of St. Kilda as it stood out at sunset against the western sky,

'Far amid the melancholy main' ;

THE LIFE OF

more frequently in storms, when the huge Atlantic billows, with a thundering sound, dashed themselves against the rocks, sending clouds of spray aloft, and hundreds of feet inland. In the evenings we danced, walked in the moonlight hand in hand, whispered pleasant nothings, and, without thought of the morrow and its farewell, enjoyed the delightful present.

It was hard to say which of the two attracted me most. I often used to think of the words of an old Scottish song, when tempted to ask myself the question :

‘ Fair Bessie Bell I loved yestreen,
And thought I ne’er could alter ;
But Mary Gray’s twa pawky een
Have gar’d my fancy falter.’

The inevitable parting came. I can, after an interval of more than half a century, remember the pain of that parting with those island maidens :

‘ True as truth’s simplicity,
And simple as the infancy of truth.’

Yes ; I can remember the aching void, and the secret tears, and the vain hopes of a re-union, never realised on this side of Time. It was the old, old story written on many a page of human life :

‘ What tragic tears bedim the eye !
What deaths we suffer ere we die !
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more.’

When I think of this passage in my early life, I recall Halcro’s song in *The Pirate* :

‘ Farewell to North Maven,
Grey Hillswicke, farewell.
To the calms of thy haven,
The storms on thy fell—

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

To each breeze that can vary
The mood of thy main,
And to thee, bonny Mary !
We meet not again.'

I have mentioned that in the days of my youth the Highlands abounded in half-pay officers who had served in the Highland Regiments in Spain and at Waterloo. A characteristic specimen of those veterans lingered in this part of North Uist at the time of this visit, in the person of Captain Hosta, so called from the name of the farm he rented from Lord Macdonald. He was a clansman. This brave old soldier delighted in fighting his battles over again, particularly on the not unfrequent occasions when under the influence of John Barleycorn, a god to whom he sacrificed freely. A favourite theme was a description of the death of Colonel Cameron of Fassifern, who fell close to him at Quatre Bras. This was reserved for his most inaudible moments, always ending in a copious flood of tears. We had to listen to this tragic story so often, that I fear frequent repetition had blunted our feelings, and we were unable to keep him company when the climax came. My brother Donald had become so weary of this oft-told tale, that the moment the poor old Captain approached it, in well-remembered words, he invariably and without any ceremony left the room, much to the disgust of the narrator. There was a loch known in North Uist as Loch Hosta; it was ultimately drained; and many were the jokes of a mode of affecting this improvement by converting it into punch, and leaving the operation to the gallant Captain and his punch-loving friends. This leads me to recount a bit of drinking experience in which I had to take a most unwilling part.

We had, in the course of one of our journeys, to pass a night in the too hospitable house of the Deputy-

THE LIFE OF

Sheriff of the district. We were warned that he sternly exacted from his guests the drinking of as many tumblers of toddy as he could himself dispose of. No sooner was dinner over than his servant placed on the table the ‘materials’ for a regular booze. The company consisted of our host, my brother, and myself. A large kettle was placed on the hob, and when the servant left the room, the Sheriff gravely locked the dining-room door and put the key in his pocket. My Highland blood never asserted itself in a love of whisky. I stoutly resisted the Sheriff’s importunity, and was backed up by Donald on the score of my youth. By-and-by our host ceased his endeavours, and drank for himself and me too. Then he burst into song, and gave us Hogg’s famous ditty, ‘When the kye comes hame.’ He then relented sufficiently to open the door, just enough to let me escape to bed, and relentlessly locked it again. When Donald was released from durance vile I do not remember. My impression is he took the key out of the Sheriff’s pocket when incapable of resistance, and went to bed. It says much for the good brand of our host’s liquor, that neither he nor his guests were much the worse for the night’s orgies. I know that Donald’s usually good shooting was not in any way affected next day. This example of Highland hospitality was my first and last experience; our host, I suppose, was merely a ‘survival of the fittest’ to hold and carry an unlimited quantity of whisky-punch. Our *quondam* friend, poor old Captain Hosta, would have liked to dine often with the Sheriff.

At the beginning of the winter session of 1832-33 I returned to Edinburgh, to prepare for my University degree of M.D.; and went into lodgings at 45 Frederick Street, having for my companions my friends James Mackenzie and Charles Shand. The former, like

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

myself, was preparing for his degree of M.D., the latter was a student of law. Mackenzie graduated with me; afterwards married; settled in Birmingham; lost his health in a few years, and fell a victim to consumption. He was a warm-hearted, affectionate fellow, very popular with all his friends. When we parted after graduation, we never met again.

Shand was a highly educated man, and an accomplished classical scholar. He won distinction in the law classes, and was called to the Scottish Bar. What amount of success he achieved as an advocate I do not know, but it must have been considerable, for he became Chief Justice of the Mauritius. When he was in London, I think on leave, after I was appointed a Professor in the Army Medical School, we met, spent a forenoon together, had much rather sad talk over the days of our youth, and parted to meet no more—for he, a few years after this, like so many of my early friends, joined the majority.

During this session, my last in Edinburgh, we three were diligent, hard-working students, reading, I am sure—one day with another—at least fifteen or sixteen hours a day. I have spoken of the way I acquitted myself at the Royal College of Surgeons. I had perhaps over-read myself, and was nervous. I was rather roughly handled by Professor Monro in minute anatomy—a subject I knew well, but one in which, rightly or wrongly I do not say, the Professor was not supposed, unlike his famous father, *Monro secundus*, to be strong. I was so upset by this part of my examination, that I was ill-satisfied with my appearance in other branches, and I know I did not do justice to myself. I had a wrangle with Professor John Thompson, the Professor of Pathology. This gentleman was in his day an eminent man. He was well stricken in years when *auscultation* and *percussion* came into

THE LIFE OF

vogue as aids to diagnosis. He was too old a ‘dog’ to learn this ‘new trick’; disbelieved in both; and when it became evident that we differed in opinion on what is now familiar to every first year’s student, he became rude and impatient, and went off in a huff.

All ended well, however, spite of these unpleasant passages in this long examination, and I was finally dubbed Doctor of Medicine by dear old Principal Baird, and so brought my student life and University career to an end.

In the house of an intimate friend I had often the pleasure of meeting Mr. William Playfair, the architect to whose genius the New Town of Edinburgh owes some of its finest public buildings. Mr. Playfair was a member of the highly intellectual society of which Edinburgh could then boast.

Francis Jeffrey was then at the summit of his career as a lawyer and man of letters, residing chiefly at Craigerook. I saw him, almost daily, riding homewards after the labours of the day in the Law Courts; carrying his whip as a dragoon carries his drawn sabre, and pursuing his way at a jog-trot pace, evidently not acquired in a school of equitation. His well-known contemporary, Cockburn, who became Solicitor-General for Scotland under the Reform Ministry, when Jeffrey was Lord Advocate, was also a distinguished member of this famous circle. No figure on the streets of Edinburgh was more familiar to me than his, and few men were more popular than he was with men of all parties. He had, I think, the most beautiful eyes I ever saw in a human head, and when addressing a jury he knew well how to use them—now sparkling with humour, or on fit occasions melting with pathos. His eldest son was, like myself, a student of medicine. On one occasion I accom-

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

panied 'Archie' Cockburn, the son, to the Court of Justiciary when a trial for murder was in progress; the Solicitor-General was prosecuting for the Crown. Favoured by one of the doorkeepers, who recognised my companion as the son of the Solicitor-General, we were allowed to get close up to the Bar, within which Mr. Solicitor was conducting the prosecution. He quickly observed us; leaning over the Bar, his eyes sparkling with fun, he said in a stage whisper, in the native Doric he always affected: 'A parcel o' young doctors coming here to look for subjects!' Murderers in those days were, as part of their sentence, handed over for dissection. Shortly afterwards, the evidence having taken a turn against the gravest part of the indictment, he once more turned to us and said, 'Ye are no to get him!' and then addressing the Court, announced that the 'Crown departed from the charge of murder.' My companion had a good share of his father's love of fun. It was commonly reported that when 'Archie' got into boyish scrapes, and fell under his mother's displeasure and rebuke, the father used to whisper, 'Never mind, Archie, I used to dae that mysel'!'

As all the world knows, Cockburn was raised to the Bench and became one of the Lords of Session, and late in life became the author of an admirable life of his friend Jeffrey, and a volume of memoirs of his own time, one of the most charming books I ever read. His description of life and manners in Scotland, towards the close of the eighteenth century, will long be remembered as closely rivalling some of even Sir Walter Scott's most graphic and humorous delineations dealing with like characters of the same date.

It was in Whig society, of which Jeffrey and Cockburn were among the most distinguished mem-

THE LIFE OF

bers, that Mr. Playfair moved, and I recollect how eagerly I listened to the details he sometimes gave us of the conversation of this brilliant *coterie*. I must not forget to record that in my student days, up almost to the time of his death, certainly within a year of that event, I almost daily saw Walter Scott, limping home to his house in Castle Street from his duties as one of the Clerks of the Court of Session, during the sittings of the Law Courts. Always an ardent reader of the 'Waverley Novels,' the authorship of which had then ceased to be a matter of conjecture, I looked on this great poet and novelist, as he daily walked the streets of his 'own romantic town,' with an interest and admiration that time has only intensified. Sir Walter tells us that one of the pleasantest recollections of his youth was his *once* having seen Robert Burns entering the shop of an Edinburgh bookseller. It is with like feelings I look back on the many opportunities I enjoyed of seeing a man to whom Scotland owes even more than to the peasant poet she is proud to call her greatest son.

In the house of the same friend I often met a man whose name will always be associated with that of Sir Walter—viz. Mr. James Ballantyne, the famous printer. He often dined at my friend's, and always brought with him a large portfolio full of proofs, over which he spent an hour after dinner, the dining-room being given up to him for the purpose.

Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, has been supposed by many to have been hard on the Ballantyne family, in the account he gives of the mercantile speculations and bill transactions into which Sir Walter entered through his intimate association with the printing and publishing house of Ballantyne and Company. It is not for me to offer an opinion on this subject, or to apportion the blame of the

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

lamentable misfortunes that overtook all engaged in this unhappy business. It has always appeared to me that an undue share of it fell on James Ballantyne.

Be this as it may, he was the trusted friend and confidant of the great author, and no one can read Lockhart's life of his father-in-law without seeing that, although Sir Walter was not blind to his weaknesses, he had a warm affection for his printer, and a sincere respect for his literary judgment. When I knew James Ballantyne, he was a man of the most amiable and gentle manners. He could hardly name Sir Walter without being affected to tears, and evidently regarded his memory with something approaching the adoration of a devotee to a departed saint. On one occasion, with a friend, I dined at his house. After dinner, he took us upstairs to his bedroom, and showed us some articles of furniture purchased at the sale of Sir Walter's Castle Street house effects. I can never forget the emotion with which he displayed these relics of his great friend, carefully kept and treasured as the most sacred and valued of his possessions.

I had also the pleasure of knowing Alexander, another of the brothers of the Ballantyne family. I do not think he ever held a prominent place in the business of the printing-house. He was a man of quiet and retired habits, with a large fund of Scottish humour; devoted to music, and an accomplished performer on the violin. To hear him play Scottish airs was a thing to be remembered. He used also to charm his friends with what he called his 'penny whistle,'—in reality a very small flageolet, not larger than a boy's 'penny whistle'; on this little instrument he played native airs with astonishing sweetness and expression, extracting from this unpromising source tones that surprised as well as delighted

THE LIFE OF

his hearers. I remember dining with a small party, of whom Mr. Alexander Ballantyne was one, at the house of Mr. Playfair. Before the guests went to a concert by the greatest violin-player of the age, perhaps of any age, Mr. Ballantyne, at Mr. Playfair's request, delighted the company by playing first on his 'penny whistle,' and afterwards on the violin. From Mr. Playfair's house and Mr. Ballantyne's charming music we adjourned to the Assembly Rooms to Paganini's concert. It pleased this amazing master of the violin to entertain his audience not with any of the compositions for his instrument by the best composers, but by wild compositions of his own, mostly consisting of *tours de force*, much more calculated to astonish than to please—compositions, I venture to say, impossible to any performer but their author. To these were added, by this musical magician, 'performances on one string,' marvels of execution and mechanical skill, and, as such, calculated to dazzle and astonish—evidently the objects the performer had in view,—but not, I think, worthy either of himself or his divine instrument. Of this I am sure, not a few of our party were not ashamed to confess that they had derived more pleasure and real musical enjoyment from Alexander Ballantyne's refined and tasteful playing of the simple airs of Scotland, than from listening to the diabolical 'tricks' of probably—I suppose, I may say certainly—the greatest master of the violin the world has ever seen. Since then I have listened to the most accomplished violinists of my day, from De Beriot to Sarasate, with delight, and I must add that I have never seen one of them condescend to seek popularity by such devices, or, as I have said, 'tricks,' after the unworthy example of Paganini.

I have referred above to Lockhart's *Life of Scott.*

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

I cannot pass from the subject without an expression of my very humble opinion that, next to Boswell's *Johnson*, it is the greatest biography in the English language, perhaps in any language. Lockhart was supremely fortunate in his subject, in the abundance of the material at his disposal for his work, and, above all, in his intimate acquaintance with the, so to speak, surroundings of the great poet and novelist, the society in which he lived all his life, and his intimate relations with him as a man of letters, a friend and son-in-law. The concluding chapter of the *Life* is one of the most pathetic in the whole range of biographical literature, concluding as it does with the closing scene of all, which I have never read, and can hardly even think of, without tears.

Lockhart himself was much misunderstood by the public. His early connection with the first rollicking days of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the young writers who startled the public by their somewhat daring satire, and slashing literary and political articles, raised a prejudice against him. He was thought to be a bitter and merciless critic, as well as a cold and cynical man. In reality, those who knew him best recognised qualities of head and heart altogether different. He had a tender heart; was, as editor of the *Quarterly*, a fair, just, and even generous critic; and as a domestic man was an affectionate husband, a tender and loving father. Few men have been called on to drink more deeply of the cup of domestic bereavement. No author has been more fortunate in his biographer than Walter Scott.

CHAPTER III

MY TWO VOYAGES

I MUST now return to my personal history. In the autumn of the year 1833, the year in which I graduated, I was enjoying a shooting visit to a friend at Dunans, in Argyllshire, when I received a letter from my uncle, Sir John Macleod, informing me that Sir John Keene had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, and was to sail in the *Upton Castle* for that Presidency shortly. My uncle added that he had obtained for me the surgeoncy of that ship, and urged me to accept it as a means of obtaining experience, seeing something of the world, and, as he said, ‘making friends.’ I accepted the offer. I do not think I did wisely. So many officers, young and old, were anxious to sail in the ship with the future Commander-in-Chief, that the *Upton Castle* was crowded to the utmost limit of its space. The result was that the accommodation for the officers of the ship was most miserably inadequate, and the discomfort to which we were subjected in consequence was extreme. My companions, bred to the sea, and more broken in to the inconveniences and roughing of life in the merchant service than I was, were ill-satisfied with their position; to me it was simply detestable. Nor was I much pleased with the men into whose society I was thus thrown. Not in any way bad fellows in their own way, they

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

were not gentlemen, were roughly mannered, and we had not a thought in common. In short, I no sooner found myself on board the *Upton Castle* than I bitterly regretted having agreed to sail in her.

But I anticipate a little. I made the journey to London by sea from Glasgow to Liverpool, and from thence to Manchester; taking this rather eccentric route for the purpose of seeing the only railway then open in England, from Liverpool to Manchester. I greatly enjoyed this my first railway journey. On the following day I had for the first time in my life the experience of what was then considered the perfection of English travelling. I went from Manchester to London on the 'Peveril of the Peak' coach, which was at this time one of the fastest coaches in England. It was magnificently horsed, and driven by 'whips' who were masters of their art. The 'Peveril' had a rival, the 'Independent,' and the two coaches, the journey through, were never more than a hundred yards apart, often much nearer. I occupied the box-seat for a considerable part of the way, and was much amused and interested by the conversation of the various coachmen who handled the 'ribbons.' So keen was the rivalry between the two coaches that when our Jehu of the 'Peveril' dropped his handsome four-in-hand whip, he would not stop to recover it, but contented himself with the promise of a glass of ale to the first man we met, if he would pick up the lost whip and leave it at a wayside inn he named.

In London I received a hearty welcome from my uncle, Sir Charles Macleod, and his wife. Sir John was then a resident in Southampton. I received then, and on my subsequent visits to London during his lifetime, much hospitality from a relation, the Rev. Dr. Macleod, Vicar of St. Anne's, Dean Street, Soho. He was then far advanced in life, but still

THE LIFE OF

continued to do duty. He was an enthusiastic Scotchman, and had a great affection for all who claimed kindred with him. He never failed, in his old-fashioned way, to drink to the 'Land o' Cakes' every day, devoting his first glass of port to this toast. My late sister Helen was named after his wife, Helen Middleton, and for my sister, for this reason, he always had a great affection. When I knew the family in the Vicarage, Mrs. Macleod had been many years dead, and one son, George, who held an appointment in the Civil Service, in Somerset House, and two daughters, were all that remained. One was the wife of Dr. Roderick Macleod, one of the Physicians to St. George's Hospital; the other was unmarried. All died in middle life, owing, I cannot help thinking, to the unwholesome influence of the parish graveyard. It was before the days when intra-mural burials were forbidden by Act of Parliament. At that time London graveyards were a disgrace to civilisation, and there was not one in all London in a more disgraceful state than that of the Parish of St. Anne's. The Vicarage might be said to be partly in this burial-ground: the windows of one side of the house looking into it; and such was the crowded state of this abominable graveyard, that at times the stench from the barely covered coffins often pervaded the house. In addition to this, the church, within a few yards of the Vicarage, was a mere sepulchre, the vaults being filled to repletion with the dead.

The dear old Doctor was fond of his rubber, and it rarely happened that an evening concluded without it. On one occasion he had the misfortune to have me for his partner. Having my attention called for a moment from the game, I thoughtlessly played my ace of trumps on my partner's king; I can never

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

forget the earnestness of his 'Lor' ha' mercy!—an expression on small occasions much more common in the way of exclamation then, than in the present day. It was some time before I was quite forgiven.

I was at this time much in the society of my cousin, Dr. Alexander Macdonald, son of Major Macdonald, whose wife was a sister of my mother. Together we made the round of the theatres, daily dined together, frequently ending the evenings after the play with what Dickens calls 'kidneys and harmony' at the famous Evans' supper-house in Covent Garden, so admirably described by Thackeray in *The Newcomes*. I must, however, add that in that famous 'cave of harmony' I never heard songs such as Captain Costigan sang to the disgust of dear Colonel Newcome; although, in another resort of the same kind, known as the 'Coal-Hole,' I have heard songs that came perilously near the type affected by the musical Captain and his friends.

My cousin Macdonald and his only sister died young, both falling victims to consumption. It was one of the saddest sights I ever witnessed, some years after the time of which I am writing, to see brother and sister, who were fondly attached to each other, running a race to the grave. The sister, a pretty, gentle, but painfully shy girl, died first; the brother soon followed, and the aged father was left alone, but did not long survive them.

At this long distance of time I cannot recall the exact date of my embarkation on board the *Upton Castle*. It must have been early in November 1833. Sir John Keene and the other passengers were to join the ship at Portsmouth. The passage to that port was uneventful. I there made the acquaintance of our captain, Duggan, a quiet, amiable man, whose

THE LIFE OF

fate was tragical. Some years after the time of which I write, he took command of a new ship, named, if I rightly remember, the *Conqueror*,—lost with all hands on the Casquets in the Channel, on the return passage from India, on her first and only voyage.

I well remember the Trinity House pilot who took the *Upton Castle* so far down Channel. This man, although with the reputation of knowing his business, had less of the appearance of a sailor than any man I ever saw, and was, without exception, the greatest egotist it was ever my fortune to meet. His stories, which were as numerous as they were tiresome, all centred in himself; ‘Grimes’ (his name) was the hero of them all, the beginning, middle, and end of every tale. At sea it is not difficult to find amusement in what elsewhere would be a weariness to the flesh, but I can recall the sense of relief when, to use Mr. Grimes’ own words, we got ‘into the latitood of milestones,’ and he left us, taking with him our letters and his wearisome stories.

In due time we anchored at the Motherbank, off Ryde—an anchorage so called—to the west of Spithead. We little thought of what was before us when we dropped our anchor. People in the present day, accustomed to start on distant voyages with the regularity of a railway train, will find it hard to believe that at this anchorage we were detained, not for days, or even weeks, but for well on to two months, by a persistency of gales of westerly wind. Again and again —how often I cannot now remember—our passengers were summoned on board, and, under delusive appearances of better weather and favourable winds, an attempt was made to get down Channel. In vain; we were invariably beaten back to our anchorage by a return of heavy westerly gales. As time went on, a fleet of merchantmen assembled at the Motherbank, outward

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

bound, such as had not been seen since the great war. On one occasion, in a dark and stormy night, in one of our attempts to get down Channel, we got into collision with an outward bound ship, receiving damage to such an extent as to necessitate repairs at the hands of shipwrights in Portsmouth dockyard.

I ate my Christmas dinner with my uncle, Sir John Macleod, and his family, at Southampton, where he then lived. At this time the family consisted of two daughters—Bessie, afterwards Mrs. Collins, now dead ; Margaret, afterwards Mrs. Cumberland, died in 1892,—and a son, Donald John, then a schoolboy at Winchester College, who died a major in the Scots Greys, I think at Torquay, just as his regiment was embarking for the Crimea. All this time our passengers were living either in Ryde or at Portsmouth, at great expense. Most of them, certainly all the seniors, were officers of the Bombay Army, with a sprinkling of cadets for the same Presidency. They formed themselves into a mess, and so lessened to some extent the cost of living. Sir John Keene, his military secretary Major Macdonald, and his A.D.C., lived at the well-known George Hotel in Portsmouth.

January was almost spent before we finally got away. It was a sight I can never forget, when that great fleet, with studding-sails alow and aloft, crowded down Channel before an easterly wind. Before leaving the Motherbank I was an eyewitness to a sight rarely seen in the present day. Two men came on board, I suppose under cover of a silver oar ; they had a neat box carefully addressed to an officer, one of our passengers ; this box they declared they had orders to deliver into his own hands. A servant, knowing no better, called this gentleman on deck, who forthwith found himself in the hands of a brace of bailiffs, who carried him on shore with their precious box. The

THE LIFE OF

captive captain was able some days afterwards to satisfy his creditors. When he returned to Portsmouth we were at sea, making one of our futile attempts to get away. Under the fear of losing his commission, he was forced to promise some Portsmouth boatmen an exorbitant sum to put him on board, while the *Upton Castle* was beating to windward outside the Isle of Wight. When he came alongside, the hat had to be sent round to raise £50 to satisfy the sharks, who would not suffer him to leave their boat until they had the cash in hand. After all, the unfortunate officer had the mortification to find himself, with the rest of us, once more that night at the Motherbank.

Some scenes of a like kind I have seen in India in days gone by. The bailiffs sent in search of defaulters like the impecunious captain whose adventure I have just related, were usually pensioned European soldiers. It was generally believed among young men who had outrun the constable that all bailiffs wore white hats ; and I have known the rumour, that a man in a white hat had been seen in a cantonment, create a greater panic than the reported arrival of cholera at the station.

It is now time to say something of our passengers. And first, of the future conqueror of Gaznee, Sir John, afterwards Lord Keene of Gaznee. He was in appearance the very type of a soldier of the period. Rather below than above the middle height, he stood about five feet seven or eight, with an inclination to stoutness, which he did his utmost to conceal by confining his waist to its closest limits by artificial means. He had a singularly handsome face, with keen, bright, and piercing eyes and an aquiline nose, giving him a somewhat falcon-like aspect, heightened by a singularly alert and observant look and manner, more

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

particularly in conversation, when he fixed his eye on you as if desirous to see through you. He had, in one word, the bearing of a well-bred soldier, 'open, bold, and brave,' with the indefinable air of one long accustomed to command.

I have said that he was 'a soldier of the period,'—I might have said more correctly, of a time fast passing away. His conversation was loose to an extent that was even then by most men deemed coarse, and would not now be tolerated even in the smoking-room of a fast club. Among the passengers were many very young officers, ready, as was only natural, to take their tone from their future Commander-in-Chief; and as most young people, when they copy their seniors, are sure to copy the defects rather than the best qualities of their models, so it was in this case, and it is an undeniable fact that this distinguished officer's conversation was not always such as should be addressed *virginibus puerisque*. It is well known that in Bombay society, from the day on which he landed to the end of his career in India, Sir John's conversation continued to be what it was on board ship, and, as might have been expected, repulsive to the grave seigniors with whom his high official position brought him into close relation.¹

Sir John's military secretary was Major Macdonald. This officer was a son of a tenant of the last Duke of Gordon, who introduced the Major to Sir John Keene, probably at Gordon Castle, where both were frequent visitors. Major Macdonald was a quiet, gentlemanlike man, of agreeable if rather formal manners. I met him in after years, long after the death of his chief, when he held the appointment of Adjutant-General

¹ I have heard that when Sir John entered the famous fortress of Gaznee, he looked around him and remarked, 'It is a d——d rotten place after all'!

THE LIFE OF

of Queen's Troops at Bombay. I believe he has been dead for many years. Sir John's A.D.C. was Lord Charles Kerr, son of the Marquis of Lothian. Whether or not he still lives I cannot say, but I once had a glimpse of him some years ago at a railway station on the Highland line, without, however, an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance.

Of the other passengers, to the best of my knowledge not one survives. With few exceptions, they belonged to the Bombay Army. Lieutenant Strachan, who, by the way, was a Madras officer, was the one with whom I was most intimate. Captains Mant and Donnelly I have since met several times; the son of the last named, who was born at sea the night before we arrived in Bombay harbour, is now a well-known officer of the Royal Engineers, holding an appointment in the Science and Art Department in South Kensington.

The voyage, with one exception, was uneventful. We called at Madeira. I always look back to the few days spent there, as one of the pleasantest episodes in my life. After the dismal winter spent at the Motherbank, the change to the soft climate and novel scenery of that island was delightful. It was my first experience of a really southern climate; and although I have since then seen many lands and many more beautiful places, the first impression left by this visit on my mind remains as fresh and vivid as if recently made, far more so than that left by scenes of a much more splendid kind in other parts of the world.

I must here record an event in my life not of my seeking, and one that in the present day few Englishmen have to record.

The passengers in the *Upton Castle* 'killed' a good deal of the weary time at sea at the whist-table. On

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

one stormy evening I was playing a rubber in the cabin of a young officer of the Bombay Army, with whom I had always been on very friendly terms. There was a heavy sea on, and the good ship was rolling and pitching in a very lively fashion, making it difficult to hold on to the table at which we were seated. I had the officer, to whom I have just referred, for my partner. When my turn to deal the cards came round, I made a misdeal, which, owing to the uneasy motion of the ship and the difficulty of maintaining my position with my hands engaged, was excusable—in fact, the same little mishap had occurred to others during the evening. Unfortunately my partner did not take it, as others had done, good-naturedly, but made a foolish observation with an impudent gesture, which in turn foolishly offended me. My Highland blood boiled over, and I warmly told my partner ‘not to twist his moustache at me.’ A moustache in those days was a rare ornament, and in the army entirely confined to cavalry officers. Under the impression that I meant by my reply to his sarcasm, to call him a bully, he hotly challenged me; a challenge as hotly accepted, to be settled on the arrival of the ship at Bombay. We were both very young—in our ‘hot youth’; there were many officers much older, with experience of the world, which the parties to this silly quarrel had not, on the spot, and I think they were greatly to blame for not throwing oil on the troubled water. This, however, they did not do. Those were the days of the *duello*, when a pair of duelling pistols formed a part of nearly every officer’s armament, and the affair was left to take its course. To have done with it now, I may as well anticipate, and tell how a few days after the arrival of the *Upton Castle* at Bombay, the ‘friend’ of my antagonist waited on me, and

THE LIFE OF

arranged with my ‘friend’ a ‘meeting’ for that afternoon at a place called Phipp’s Grove, which in Bombay was as much set apart for such meetings as Chalk Farm was in duelling days at home. I could not keep this appointment from my brother Archie, with whom I was living at the time, and I vividly remember his anger with those seniors to whom I have referred. He drove me to the place of meeting, retiring to some distance until the affair was over. It is needless to add that my hot blood had long since cooled.

‘Like straw on fire
Is the young man’s ire.’

When we were placed by our seconds, I remember the thought glanced through my mind that the regulation ‘twelve paces’ brought us very near! I could see the colour of my ‘enemy’s’ eyes, and I distinctly recollect that in the Peninsula, Wellington’s soldiers, in the days of ‘Brown Bess,’ were taught that this gave the right distance to deliver a volley. The word was given; I fired at a large stone well to my right, and I heard the ‘ping’ of my former whist - partner’s bullet pass high over my head—a palpably intended miss.

We all dined that evening at my late ‘enemy’s’ quarters, my brother being one of the party. We had a very jolly evening, and a good laugh over the farce of the afternoon.

We called at the Cape of Good Hope, where we remained two or three days. There I saw a gentleman for the first time whom I came in after years to know very well—viz. Captain Charles Elliot, R.N., then on the staff of Lord Napier, who was on his way to take up the appointment of Trade Superintendent in China, an office just created on the throwing open of the trade with China. Captain Elliot’s position was that

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

of 'Master Attendant' at Canton; he succeeded Lord Napier on the death, or retirement—I forget which—of that nobleman, and, as will be seen, had a most difficult part to play in the events that preceded the war of 1840-41 with China, as well as during that war, until he was relieved from his post by Sir Henry Pottinger, who was appointed Plenipotentiary, and ultimately settled the quarrel with China at the peace of Nankin.

I enjoyed the stay at Cape Town very much, visiting Wineberg, Constantia, and all the pretty suburbs of the town, taking, with many of our passengers, drives in carriages with teams of four and six horses, driven with great dexterity by Hottentot coachmen, who are clever whips after their own fashion. At Cape Town I fell in with Colonel Gregory of the 98th Regiment, an officer whose acquaintance I had made in the Western Highlands some years before, and who had visited us at Drimnin. I dined at the mess of the Regiment. When the cloth was removed, folding-doors at one end of the room were thrown open, and in marched a very handsome ram, who, with measured steps and lofty bearing, stalked up to the president, and was regaled with fruit, and, to my astonishment, snuff, which he licked up with great apparent relish. He then made the round of the table, exacting contributions in a very peremptory manner. At last, becoming rather a nuisance, the president rang the bell, and two mess-waiters, taking him by the horns, dragged him out, to the great loss of his dignity. This fine animal was the pet of the regiment, and always on parade marched with the greatest pomp and pride in front of the band. He knew the bugle-calls perfectly, and, whenever the 'assembly' sounded, hurried to his post as regularly as the drum-major himself. On high days and

THE LIFE OF

inspections, and full-dress parades, his horns were decorated with gay ribbons, which he proudly tossed as he marched in his accustomed place. Being, as sailors say, ‘in every one’s mess,’ he was in splendid condition,—in fact, the largest animal of his species I ever saw, and would have created quite a sensation in the Agricultural Hall at a Christmas Show.

Colonel Gregory introduced me to Dr. Andrew Smith, then principal Staff-Surgeon at the Cape. This officer, who was afterwards at the head of the medical department of the army during the Crimean War, and was made the scapegoat ‘for sins, but not his own,’ was a distinguished naturalist, and had just completed stuffing (in a naturalist sense) a ‘specimen’ of a Hottentot woman, who had been found dead in a ditch in or near Cape Town. The work had just been finished, and she was one of the sights of the town. I renewed my acquaintance with this lady when I took up my position at Netley, where she now is, not in the museum open to the public, but in more decent retirement.

I cannot recall the exact date of the arrival of the *Upton Castle* at Bombay. My brother Archie came on board to see me; I landed with him, and soon afterwards severed my connection with the *Upton Castle*. My brother was then a captain in the 8th Bombay Native Infantry.

A few days after landing I attended a levee held by Sir John Keene as Commander-in-Chief. At this levee a curious incident took place. As an officer of the 6th Queen’s Own was presented in his turn, the Commander-in-Chief stopped him, and, drawing a letter from the breast of his coat, handed it to him, saying, ‘Captain ——, here, sir, is a letter which concerns you.’ This proved to be a letter from Colonel V——, com-

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

manding a Queen's Regiment then in Bombay, addressed to the commander-in-chief, advising Sir John not to take Captain — on his personal staff. It appeared that this officer had served on the staff of two previous commanders-in-chief, in which position he had been very popular. The reasons given by Colonel V—— for this ill-advised action were considered by Sir John as reflecting injuriously and unjustly on the character of Captain —, and he took the step just described to mark his disapproval of Colonel V——'s conduct. The result was a hostile meeting between Colonel V—— and Captain — the following morning, at which Colonel V—— was wounded in what anatomists call the gluteal region. I happened to be at Parell, breakfasting with the Commander-in-Chief, where there was a large party of officers. Captain — came straight from the field of battle. When he entered the room the Commander-in-Chief advanced and warmly shook hands with him, saying in a loud voice, 'I congratulate you on your morning's work; but, by G—d, you should have held a little higher!'

I spent some weeks very pleasantly with my brother, and then prepared to return home. I was very anxious to take my passage in a ship named the *Lord Eldon*, on which some friends of my brother's were going home. And this recalls a curious dream I had in connection with this ill-fated ship. I did not succeed in obtaining a passage in the *Lord Eldon*, as every berth on board that ship was taken. I subsequently obtained a passage in a ship, belonging I think to Newcastle, but bound to London, named the *John Stamp*, in which ship I sailed a few days after the *Lord Eldon*. A few weeks after we had been at sea, I had a remarkable dream, which made such an impression on my mind that I related it at breakfast on

THE LIFE OF

the following morning to the captain of the ship, and a naval officer who had taken his passage from Bombay in our vessel. I saw, in my dream, a ship on fire, which I knew to be the *Lord Eldon*, and saw the boats laden with the passengers and crew passing to an island in mid-ocean. When this naval gentleman landed with me at Portsmouth, while our dinner was preparing in the hotel to which we went, my friend was reading a newspaper. Suddenly he gave a loud exclamation, and said, 'Here is the explanation of your dream,' and read out a long description of the burning of the *Lord Eldon* at sea, and the landing of the passengers on the island of Tristan d'Acunha, the principal of a group of islets in the South Atlantic Ocean. That I should have a dream about this ship was not surprising, as she had been much on my mind ; but that my dream should have taken a shape so completely in accord with the facts, was surely a very notable thing. The *Lord Eldon* was laden with cotton, and, as not unfrequently happens, spontaneous combustion had taken place, fortunately when the ship was within reach of the above-named island, although I am unable to state how far from this group of islets she was when the fire was discovered, or how long it had smouldered before this place of safety was reached.

Of our homeward voyage in the *John Stamp* I have little to relate, beyond the fact that, the ship being a dull sailer, it was tedious in the extreme. Our skipper was an excellent fellow. He had been for many years in command of a collier trading between the northern coal ports and London, and was an excellent sailor. I am not sure that he was as good a navigator. He was quite content, in determining the ship's position daily, to be what he called 'within a handful of miles of it.' I often con-

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

gratulated myself in having an accomplished navigator on board in the person of my friend B—, who was a navigating officer of great experience, and who really navigated the *John Stamp* across the ocean. I parted from this gentleman on our arrival in London, and we never met again.

My stay at home did not last long. My uncles, Sir John and Sir Charles Macleod, did not approve of my breaking off my engagement with the owners of the *Upton Castle*, and, pending my obtaining an appointment in the medical service of India, urged me to take another sea-voyage—but under pleasanter conditions than those which were so distasteful to me in the previous one. Accordingly, in the month of June 1836, I embarked on board the *Marquis Camden*, an ‘Indiaman’ of the old E. I. Company’s Service—a class of ships in their day the largest and handsomest in the mercantile navy of England. She was commanded by Captain Henry Gribble, who had commanded an ‘Indiaman’ in the old Service; the chief officer, Mr. Jones, had also served in the same rank in the same Service. Both were gentlemen and extremely smart officers, full of the traditions of their old Service, and doing their utmost to maintain the discipline and order in which they had been trained. They wore their old uniform, which was, in my opinion, wise, giving them a prestige in the eyes of their men conducive to discipline. I had a large and roomy cabin to myself, and having a good collection of books and ample leisure, I read and studied many hours a day. Thus time did not hang on my hands, and was not thrown away. We had very few passengers. The voyage was direct to China and back, and was uneventful. We sailed through the Straits of Sunda, and had an opportunity of seeing the ‘sun rise over Java Head,’ a sight much talked of by sailors.

THE LIFE OF

I retain to this day a vivid recollection of the exceeding beauty of the famous Straits. In particular, I well remember the island of Krakatoa. A beautiful conical-shaped island, wooded to the summit, the branches of the richly foliaged trees and shrubs ‘weeping into the sea.’ This island was afterwards the scene of one of the most appalling volcanic eruptions of modern times. One half of the island was blown into the sea, which rose in one or more great waves, inundating an immense area of the island of Java, with enormous loss of life and property. The extent to which the fine volcanic dust was carried by the action of the wind and sea was remarkable; it floated on the ocean to near the coast of Australia, was found in immense quantities on the Indian Ocean, and ships sailed through large floating fields of it hundreds of miles away from the entrance to the Straits of Sunda.

For many months after this tremendous eruption, beautiful sunsets were observed in parts of the world very remote from the scene of the eruption. Here, in Southampton, evening after evening, most lovely rose-coloured tints, starting from the westward, at sunset pervaded the atmosphere, creating wondering admiration. This beautiful phenomenon was attributed to the presence of immense quantities of this fine dust, suspended at a great height in the atmosphere.

We touched at Anjeer, in Java, where we were refreshed by abundance of fruit, in particular the famous mangosteen, which appears to grow in Java as freely as in the Straits of Malacca. The island of Java was full of interest to me, from the fact, already related, that it was at the capture of the island my father’s friend, after whom I was named, Colonel William Campbell, was killed when leading his regiment into action (the 78th Highlanders). As all

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

the world knows, this magnificent possession was restored to the Dutch at the general peace. It was said at the time, with what truth I cannot tell, that the Administration of the day who gave it back to the Dutch knew nothing, or next to nothing, of the value of this present, which had been purchased by the blood of our soldiers and the expenditure of much treasure. The Dutch have guarded it ever since with zealous care, and under the closest system of commercial protection—reserving, in fact, all trade with the island to themselves.

Our stay at Anjeer was so short that there was no time to see more of the island than we could manage in a few hours.

In a short time, without any adventures worthy of record, we arrived at our destination, and the *Marquis Camden* proceeded without delay to Whampoa, in the Canton River. The Bogue Forts—forts that in after years I was destined to see under very different circumstances—were passed at the mouth of the river. As a matter of course, I paid several visits to the City of Canton, seeing as much of it as the jealous exclusiveness of the authorities then permitted. I little thought that ere many years I should be an eyewitness of a British force engaged in attacking this famous trading city from the land side, and extracting a ransom of millions of dollars from the wealthy part of the community.

I need not here give a description of a place which has been, since I visited it, so often described: its crowded, narrow streets, its swarming pigtailed and industrious people, the gilded signs of the shops with their ‘curios,’ are so well known over the world. Then as now, the hatred and contempt entertained by the natives for all foreigners were such, that it was not safe to go far beyond the narrow limits to which they

THE LIFE OF

were restricted. The quarter known as the *Hongs*, where the foreign merchants lived and carried on their business, consisted of large stone-built houses, after the European model, with a promenade facing the river, with its busy floating population, and junks of all sizes, all furnished with a large eye painted on the bows, without which it is popularly believed (in 'pidgin English') 'no can see, no can savey.' There, too, were the gaily painted flower-boats, so-called, where the *jeunesse dorée* take their pleasure and spend their money in amusements that are popularly supposed not to be of a kind to bear close inspection, or, perhaps, even mention. At the Hongs I met with much hospitality from the mercantile community, noted then, as now, for their liberal style of living. The *Marquis Camden* was consigned to the great house of Jardine, Matheson and Co. This firm, with Messrs. Dent and Co., were the Montagues and Capulets of Canton in the days of which I speak. The British mercantile community was, in fact, divided into two factions, holding little social intercourse with each other. At this time, William Jardine, the founder of this famous house, was still its chief. A very notable man he was, probably the greatest merchant prince the East has ever seen. Originally, as was his partner, James (afterwards Sir James) Matheson, a surgeon of an Indiaman,—seeing with the eye of a mercantile genius his way to fortune as a merchant, he left the sea and established the house which still bears his name, and accumulated a colossal fortune. When I saw him he was an old man, somewhat eccentric in his ways, with a fund of dry Scottish humour and sarcasm, which he sometimes indulged at the expense of guests who made foolish remarks, or gave themselves what he deemed pretentious airs at table. He invariably slept, or

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

pretended to take 'forty winks,' when the cloth was removed, often startling his guests by suddenly cutting into the conversation with an acute or sarcastic observation. On one occasion, some one at table, hearing my name, turned on me, and in rather a loud and somewhat offensive way said, 'What! you are the Dr. Maclean who fought a duel in Bombay?' Instantly Mr. Jardine opened his eyes, and, turning to me, raised a laugh at my expense by asking in his dry, sarcastic way, 'How long did you fight by Shrewsbury clock?' The Chinese 'Hong merchants,' as the traders were called, who at that time were the only native merchants allowed to trade with foreigners at Canton, had a great admiration for Jardine's consummate mercantile genius, and, it was known, always spoke of him as the 'grey-headed rat,' with reference to the proverbial sagacity and cleverness of an old animal of that species. Although keen in the acquisition of wealth, he could do and often did most generous acts, assisting young and struggling merchants to whom he took a fancy, not only with sound and valuable advice, but with pecuniary advances. Mr. Jardine remained in China until he was well stricken in years. He ultimately purchased large estates in Scotland which passed to his nephews, many of whom were short-lived. He did not long survive his retirement. Like many other great accumulators of wealth, his enjoyment was confined to its acquisition and investment, for to the last his own habits were simple, and on himself he spent little. When, however, he was a Canton merchant prince, he lived in princely style: and covers were laid at his table daily for thirty guests, who were sumptuously entertained.

Before we sailed on our return voyage I paid a brief visit to Macao, the Portuguese settlement. There, as at every other place in the East where the Portuguese

THE LIFE OF

in the days of their glory established themselves, they built lordly mansions; it may be said of them that they ‘dreamed not of a perishable home who thus could build.’ At Macao, as elsewhere, the glory of Portugal has departed. The houses they built remain, but for the most part they were, at the time of my first visit, and are now, inhabited by the dominant race that has everywhere in the East supplanted the countrymen of Camoens, who once played so great a part there as discoverers, merchants, and conquerors. They had not ‘staying’ power, and are simply nowhere in the race. At Macao, as in other towns where they and their Spanish neighbours established themselves, they founded religious houses, which in an impoverished condition remain. At the time of my visit, one of the Fathers in the Portuguese monastery was reputed the ablest scholar and master of the Chinese language living. I am ashamed to say his name has escaped me. I had the honour of an introduction to him, and had to furbish up as much Latin as I could command, to carry on a stammering conversation with this learned ecclesiastic. During my brief stay, I was the guest of the husband of a lady who was a passenger in the *Marquis Camden*; one of the cleverest and most agreeable women it was ever my fortune to meet. I little thought it would be my fate to see her again when I revisited Macao under conditions so different during the war with China, known as the Opium War of 1840-41, which followed on the high-handed proceedings of Mr. Commissioner Lin’s attempt to suppress the opium traffic. I also met again Captain Charles Elliot, R.N., who came out to China in the comparatively humble office of Master Attendant under Lord Napier, appointed Superintendent of Trade on the abolition of the East India Company’s charter. As already mentioned in this

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

narrative, I saw Lord Napier and his party at the Cape of Good Hope, when there on my voyage to Bombay. I was destined to know Captain Elliot better in after years, and to receive kindness and attention from him when he himself filled the position at this time occupied by Lord Napier, after the death of that nobleman.

On the voyage home I had an opportunity of seeing confirmed what I had often heard seafaring men mention, viz. that no cargo gives such buoyancy to a ship as one of tea,—I presume, from the air enclosed in every chest. Off the Cape we experienced some heavy weather, with a regular ‘Cape of Storms’ sea running. For three days we lay to under a storm trysail, and the old Indiaman with her buoyant tea-cargo rode over the monstrous waves as if she had been built of cork. I do not think she took in, over all, a bucket of water. This brought to mind the old nautical song, in which the sailor pities folks ashore in stormy weather, when

‘Tiles and chimney-pots are flying,
While you and I upon the deck are comfortably lying.’

The *Marquis Camden* called at the island of St. Helena. Those were the days in which the body of Napoleon still slept under the willow-tree where it was placed when, after murmuring the words, ‘*tête d’armée*,’ he had passed for ever from the dreams of battle. We visited Longwood, the house, or rather cottage, which the British Government erected for him. It had fallen into bad repair, and was used as a storehouse for agricultural implements. Still, there were the rooms in which he, I cannot say lived, but fretted away the closing years of a life, the memory of which will live probably as long as the globe on which he played a notable, if, on the whole, a baneful part. And there

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

was the little room in which he died. Here, in a word, was the cage—not a gilded one—against the bars of which this chained eagle beat his mighty wings until he died.

I have several times visited the gorgeous tomb in the Invalides, to which, under Louis Philippe, the body of the great emperor was removed. The intention was, of course, to please the French people, and fulfil the desire expressed in Napoleon's will, 'that his body should rest by the Seine, amid the people he loved so well.' Under the influence of the revival of the Napoleonic legend by Thiers, fanned by the songs of Béranger, the French people forgot all the sufferings and bloodshed of the empire, and remembered only the 'glory' it brought to France, which they contrasted with what they deemed their humdrum existence under a Bourbon king. They welcomed the arrival of the body of the great emperor as some consolation for what they deemed the national disgrace of St. Helena, and thus unconsciously prepared the way for the Second Empire and, instead of another Austerlitz, the disgrace of Sedan and the proclamation of a German emperor in the historic palace of Versailles.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE IN PARIS

I FORGET the month—it must have been June or July, 1836—when we reached the port of London, and my connection with the good ship *Marquis Camden* ceased. I was sorry to part with Captain Gribble and the other officers, with whom I had lived on terms of the most friendly kind. Once afterwards I saw Captain Gribble and the second officer, Mr. Thompson, with whose family I once dined. But I never met any of the others, nor have I ever been able to hear what their subsequent fate was. The *Marquis Camden* was lost, I think, on her next voyage, on the Soola or Soluk Islands, a group in the Eastern Archipelago, between the Philippines and Borneo. Curiously enough, an evil fate overtook many of the ships in which it has been my fortune to sail. The *Upton Castle* was burned at sea, off the Cape, with great loss of life. The *John Stamp* suffered shipwreck, I cannot remember where; and, as I have just related, the *Marquis Camden* came to the same end.

My stay at home was brief. I visited my family at home—that home being no longer at Drimnin, which had passed into other hands, but at Forres, in Morayshire. My uncle, Sir John Macleod, asked Sir James M'Griger, Director-General of the Medical Department of the Army, for an appointment in that service. He was kind enough to offer me one for the

THE LIFE OF

West Coast of Africa, which I respectfully declined, and spent the winter of 1836-37 in Paris, in attendance on the hospitals there, and pursuing the study of anatomy and natural history. I had for my companions Dr. Eric Mackay and Dr. Donald Macfarlane. The latter I knew as a fellow-student in Edinburgh, and I was also well acquainted with his family. He was afterwards my brother-officer in the Madras Army. We renewed our friendship at home, when he retired from the service and I was serving as Professor in the Army Medical School. He was three times married, and died abroad in 1891. He was a warm-hearted man, to whom I was much attached. Eric Mackay afterwards settled in Birmingham, and died young of consumption. We lived in a *pension* on the Quay St. Michel. I attended the lectures of Andral on general medicine, at that time regarded as the most eminent pathologist and professor in France. The great amphitheatre of the Ecole de Médecine was crowded to excess on his lecture days, students crowding not only on the steps of his rostrum, but *into* it with the lecturer.

I diligently attended the *clinique* of Chomel, then the most distinguished clinical teacher in Paris. I can never forget this great physician, who was everything that an hospital physician and teacher should be. The visiting hour at the Paris hospitals was in the early morning. It required some courage to 'turn out' in the cold, dark mornings of a Paris winter, but the compensation was ample. I can recall, even after the lapse of more than fifty years, the cheery voice of Chomel as he entered the first of his wards, invariably pausing at the door, calling to the senior Sister of Mercy in his service: '*Où est la Mère, la bonne Mère, est-elle là?*' The old lady

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

would then hasten to meet him, receiving with a low obeisance the salutation of this eminent physician and most courteous gentleman. Most patient and painstaking was the way in which every case was examined, and the clinical exposition that followed was in the highest degree instructive. The surgeons of highest reputation at this time in Paris were Lisfranc, Velpeau, and Roux. As operators, none of them equalled Liston, who was without exception the boldest, most dexterous, and most rapid operator I ever saw. Sir William Fergusson closely followed his methods, and, next to Liston, was the most brilliant operator of his day.

In 1836-37 Louis Philippe was on the throne of France, and his life had been several times attempted by assassins. During my stay in Paris, I rarely saw him in public; and the carriage in which he made his few public appearances at that time was believed to be bullet-proof. France at no time in her history enjoyed more real liberty of speech and action and parliamentary government than under the Citizen King; but this did not satisfy her restless and vain people. Forgetful of the bloodshed and sufferings of the Empire, they sighed for '*la gloire*,' for the splendour of conquest, and for what they deemed the right of France to exercise supreme influence in Europe.

I look back to the winter and spring I spent in Paris with great pleasure. Two brothers, General and Captain Fraser, near relations of my mother's family, were in Paris at this time. They lived in the Hôtel des Princes, famous at that time for the best *table d'hôte* in Paris. They were most hospitable to me, and I dined at least once a week with them.

My chief pleasures were visits, weekly at least, to

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

the Italian Opera, then famous for the renowned quartet—Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, and Rubini—who for many years formed the great attraction of the Italian Opera Houses of Paris and London. Grisi, at the time I first saw her, was a magnificent-looking woman, unrivalled in such parts as Norma and Lucrezia Borgia. Tamburini was a typical Don Giovanni, probably the most perfect representative of the Don the lyric stage ever saw. Not only did he sing the music of the part to perfection, but he acted the gay and dissipated *roué* as it never has been acted since this ‘well-graced actor’ quitted the stage. Rubini was a shabby-looking little man, far removed in gait, manner, and appearance from a hero of romance, yet when he opened his mouth to sing, all this was forgotten. He sang with a grace, feeling, and expression rarely equalled. It was of him a French critic said, ‘He carried tears in his voice.’ Lablache was a man of Falstaffian proportions, a first-rate musician, a thoroughly good actor, curiously enough, both in buffo and serious parts—in the first, full of humour, in the latter, grand and dignified. His bass voice was simply magnificent. The lyric stage has had many accomplished singers since they took leave of it and passed away, but such a quartet as the above-named has never appeared again.

CHAPTER V

I BEGIN MY MILITARY LIFE

I RETURNED home in the early summer, and passed a very pleasant time with my family; a good deal of it at Burgie, within some miles of Forres, at that time occupied by my brother-in-law, General Macpherson, where I had some shooting, and enjoyed myself very much.

Before long I was called up to London, having obtained the appointment of assistant-surgeon in the Madras Army. I had, on very short notice, to hasten to town to pass the necessary examination, and get my outfit. With great regret I took leave of them all. The parting with my brother-in-law, General Macpherson, was final; we were not destined to meet again, and nearly seventeen years were to pass before I was to see my native land again. Going to India in those days was a much more serious affair than it is now. The voyage alone occupied many months; letters, of course, going and coming at uncertain intervals—in many cases correspondence becoming ‘small by degrees and beautifully less,’ often ceasing entirely. My uncle, Sir Charles Macleod, allowed thirty years of his Indian career to pass without writing a letter to any member of his family. The passage is now one of three weeks,¹ there is a weekly mail service both ways,

¹ From Brindisi it has been done in twelve days.

THE LIFE OF

and intercourse between our countrymen in India and their friends at home is often closer and more frequent than with those divided only by a short railway journey in England.

I passed through Edinburgh; met some friends there who insisted on carrying me off to a ball, where I danced all night; hastened in the early morning to my hotel, had only time to change my dress, breakfast, and start in the mail for London—a fatiguing journey, very different from a few hours in a first-class railway carriage, with a newspaper or a book, and a meal at York, about nine hours in all.

I reported myself at the India Office; presented myself before Dr. Hume, examiner for the East India Company, and after a very easy conversation on some medical and surgical subjects, ‘passed’ a so-called examination—very different, indeed, from the severe competitive ‘exam.’ of the present day. I then got my outfit, and in a short time embarked on board the *Orwell*, an old Indiaman of about the same tonnage as the *Marquis Camden*, and sailed for Madras. We had very pleasant passengers on board, some of them young men of great promise going out, like myself, to begin an Indian career. This year I saw an announcement of the death (as I believe) of the last of them, Major-General Silver. We did not often meet in India after landing, until the last two years of my career there, when we were both quartered at the Presidency town of Madras. After retirement at home, being members of the same club in London, we occasionally met. The one of all my fellow-passengers with whom I was most intimate was a young fellow named Russell. Having been a great deal in France when young, he was more than half a Frenchman, both in manners and

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

accent, speaking the French language more fluently than his native tongue. We met a good many years after, when he was employed as Commissioner at Kurnool. Again at Madras, when he and his wife were there on leave, and where both were nearly poisoned by eating oysters—some of them, I suppose, not very fresh—I was called to see them, and at first supposed they were in the collapse of cholera. We afterwards met, I think, once in England. They retired to Biarritz, where he, and also Mrs. Russell, died. Strange to say, the above were, with one exception, the only fellow-passengers in the *Orwell* I ever met again after our dispersal on landing, which we did on the 15th of August 1838.

A very handsome young cadet, one of my fellow-passengers, M'Carthy, was one of the earliest who fell in the first Afghan war.

On landing, I was received and welcomed in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Robertson. Mr. Robertson was Collector of Madras, and his wife was my dear cousin, Isabella Macleod of Dalvey. I had seen her in Edinburgh, when, as a bride-elect, she was on her way to marry Mr. Robertson. It is with a mournful pleasure I record here the kindness I received from them as often as the chances and changes of the service brought me near them. I was doubly welcome on this occasion, as I brought with me miniature likenesses of their children. The day of photography was not yet, and the miniatures, done by a lady artist, were not examples of high art; but I can never forget the pleasure they gave the exiled parents. In a few days I entered on my probationary course in the General Hospital, under Dr. Mortimer, the senior physician to that institution. Mortimer was a reserved man of few words. There was little in his manner to attract young men; he was very

THE LIFE OF

official in his intercourse with them, although in no way unkind. I feel that I owe him much. He set us an example of devotion to duty; and when, a little later in my career, I had to deal with the dreadful form of dysentery prevailing at Secunderabad, in the European infantry barracks of infamous notoriety, I had reason to be grateful for Mortimer's lessons in the treatment of that disease, and I may add, also, malarial fevers. I found my old friend Donald Macfarlane at the General Hospital, where he had just completed his probationary course, and was about to leave for Bangalore. We were very glad to meet again, and he was very serviceable to me in showing me 'the ropes.' There, also, I found two probationers, Messrs. Coleridge and Morton. The former was one of the well-known legal family of that name, an extremely gentlemanly man, highly educated, and an accomplished musician, playing the violoncello in a very charming way. His health was very delicate; and I saw that his career in India would be brief, as the climate did not suit him, nor did he seem to have much taste for his work. He soon left for Bangalore, and shortly afterwards resigned his commission, and, going home, entered the Church, and we never met again. Of his subsequent career I know nothing; but I hope it was happy, and feel sure it could not fail to be useful. When Coleridge departed, Morton and I were left, and were on duty on alternate days; as the military phrase goes, 'buckets in a well'—one down, the other up. We became great friends; he was a warm-hearted, pleasant little fellow. His career was quite out of the common run in our profession and service. He was ordered to Burma. There, in process of time, he acquired a complete mastery of the language—then a rare accomplishment; this made him useful in a great many

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

ways to Government, and led to his being employed in a variety of duties outside his profession, until he was appointed a magistrate, and the upshot was that nearly the whole of his service was spent in Burma. Some years after my appointment to a Professorship in the Army Medical School, we met at home, and for a short time renewed our friendship. He married, returned with his wife to India, and shortly afterwards died, to my great regret, for I had a sincere regard for him, and cherish the recollection of his friendship.

I may here allude to a curious adventure I had with a monkey. Going into my bedroom in the quarters attached to the General Hospital for probationary assistant-surgeons, I was startled by the sight of a very large monkey in possession. The animal had entered by the window, which looked out on the tiles of the neighbouring house; he had opened one of my *patarra* boxes, used to carry one's travelling 'kit' on the march. My servant had put a large parcel of sugar in it, with which my uninvited guest was, much to his content, regaling himself; his pouches were distended to their utmost capacity, and with both hands he was cramming more into his mouth. He at first showed no intention of leaving so delicious a repast; on the contrary, he made a display of a very fine set of sharp and powerful teeth, with an evident intention of using them if I dared to disturb him. I retired to arm myself with a stout stick: at sight of this weapon my quadrumanous friend deemed discretion the better part of valour, and slowly and in a dignified manner retired through the window, indicating by his mode of retreat that he carried with him the honours of war. I watched him join his large family on the top of the nearest house, and was amused to see him make a *petite reconnaissance*

THE LIFE OF

at every open window as he passed. This impudent boldness was the result of the unwillingness of natives to hurt or even affront one of his tribe, deemed sacred by nearly every caste of Hindus.

After completing two months of probationary duty at the General Hospital, I found myself under orders to embark in a transport for Masulipatam, there to ship a regiment of native infantry for Moulmein in Burma, and to return with the relieved regiment, the 13th, to Madras. On arrival at Masulipatam, an unfortunate and rather embarrassing event took place. The native regiment refused to embark—an act of mutiny. It turned out that one or more *Fakirs* had arrived at the station and poisoned the minds of the Sepoys, assuring them that the State did not mean to keep faith with them, but that as soon as they had sailed, their family 'pay certificates' would be stopped, and their wives and children left to starve. At this time there is no doubt that the minds of the people in Southern India were much agitated by the fear of a Russian invasion. This arose out of the excitement caused by the reception, by Dost Mohammed of Afghanistan, of one or more Russian emissaries, which gave rise to a fear that this famous person was about to enter into negotiations with the Russian Government of a kind dangerous to British rule in India, a circumstance which led ultimately to the attempt to depose the Dost and substitute Shah-Sujah. As is too well known, this scheme, successful for a brief period, led to the murder of our envoy, Sir William M'Naghten, and Sir Alexander Burnes, the retreat from Cabul, and the entire destruction of the British force that occupied that city. I well remember, before leaving Madras for Masulipatam, that my host, Mr. Robertson, who was Tamil translator to Government, told me that the attention of the authorities having been called

to the great increase of correspondence between villagers near Madras with their friends in the city, they had intercepted a large number of letters, and sent them to Mr. Robertson for translation. It then appeared, to the astonishment of Government, that the country people were writing to their friends that they were afraid to go to their beds at night for fear the Russians would be upon them before morning. There can be no doubt that the panic in the ranks of the regiment at Masulipatam had been excited by the same agency. With considerable difficulty the staff and regimental officers succeeded in soothing the minds of the Sepoys, and they embarked, but, as I can testify, in a state of great anxiety and depression of mind. We put to sea that evening. We had hardly lost sight of the low-lying land, when, simultaneously, cholera broke out in both the transports. This was my first introduction to a disease it was my fortune often to meet again under every condition of service. We lost in the course of the night our Subadar-Major and four or five men. Next day, well seconded by Major Davidson, the officer in command, I had the whole of the between-decks well scoured and ventilated, the baggage brought on deck and thoroughly exposed to the air. The occupation this work gave to the officers and men helped to divert their minds from the occurrences of the previous dismal night, and, to my great satisfaction, the disease disappeared. We had no more cases, and arrived at Moulmein, our destination, without any further adventures.

Moulmein at this time—1838-39—was considered a very important station. It was occupied by two European regiments, H.M. 62nd and 63rd, and several Native regiments. It was, on the whole, a healthy and favourite station. It has long ceased to be considered

THE LIFE OF

of much importance. Rangoon and other places in Lower Burma are now strongly occupied, as also Mandalay and other places in Upper Burma, up to the frontiers of China.

After an interval of a few days, we embarked the 13th Madras Native Infantry, under the command of Major Dodds, and, without any adventures that I can recall, crossed the Bay of Bengal and arrived at Madras. The 13th Regiment was at this time, as regards promotion, the most unfortunate in the Madras Army. The oldest ensign had served twelve years in that rank. In this regiment was an officer, Lieutenant Hughes. I little knew what intimate relations were to exist between us in after years, when, as Lieut.-Colonel Hughes, in command of his regiment at Secunderabad, he was to marry from my house my wife's only sister, Mary, whose married life, alas! was doomed to be so brief, dying as she did after giving birth to her second child at Cuddapah, a place having an evil reputation for women, Native and European, in childbed. Colonel Hughes lost one of his two daughters by my sister-in-law, and ultimately succeeded to the estate of Rydal Hall, in Westmoreland, taking the name of le Fleming with the estate. His only surviving daughter by the first marriage married G. Godfrey Cunningham, advocate in Edinburgh, where she now lives, having three daughters. General Hughes le Fleming died in the year 1877, leaving, by his second marriage, two sons and three daughters.

On arrival at Madras, the 13th Regiment was ordered to the station of Palaveram, within a few miles of St. Thomas' Mount. There I remained in medical charge of the regiment until relieved by a senior medical officer just arrived from England. I lived on most friendly terms with all the officers

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

of the 13th, from Major Dodds downwards, and their families. With the officer already referred to as an ensign of twelve years' standing, and his wife, I was particularly intimate. His name was Stark, a very worthy man, who bore his ill-fortune with great patience. When at last the tide turned in his favour, and the regiment had a run of 'luck,' poor Stark died. When I left the regiment, we parted never to meet again; but still, after the lapse of more than half a century, I have a kindly remembrance of him and his brave wife, who shared with him the many lean years of their ill-fortune.

The Adjutant of the 13th was Lieutenant Kenny, with whom and his family we were to become, in my married days, very intimate when he was Adjutant-General of the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force, at Secunderabad. He had a brother in the 13th Regiment. To the best of my knowledge and belief, not one of the officers of the 13th Regiment survived 1892—one by one they joined the majority.

At Palaveram I faced my first hot season in India, and well remember a Job-like visitation of boils I had to undergo, which caused me much suffering, and left me so much exhausted, that my friends thought I should have to go home. But I held on, and in due time recovered my normal health.

Before leaving Palaveram I must mention a small matter that has often recurred to my mind in connection with the subject of temperance. One morning Major Dodds, who was not only the officer in command of the 13th Regiment, but the senior officer of the station, called at my quarters on his way home from parade, and, telling me that out of a batch of young cadets who lived together in a bungalow not far from my house, not more than one or two had appeared on parade that morning, asked me to look them up, as

THE LIFE OF

they had reported themselves, in an unofficial way, too ill for duty. I at once called to see them, and found the whole party engaged at a 'beer breakfast,' drinking strong bottled pale ale at that early hour in the morning. I took the opportunity of giving these inexperienced lads—merely big schoolboys they were—a friendly lecture on the danger to health of beer-drinking at that hour in such a climate, pointing out also that it was not considered gentlemanly and officer-like to begin the day by muddling their brains with strong malt liquor. I mention this because the subsequent history of some of them more than justified the fears I expressed. One of them twice crossed my path in subsequent years. He became a confirmed drunkard. As was often the mode of dealing with black sheep in India, he was turned out of his regiment and posted to what was called the 'Invalid Battalion,' officered for the most part by 'failures' like himself. At Arcot it was observed that he was living beyond his means; and it was suspected that he made use of public money under his charge for the payment of his men. Notice was given him that his cash-chest would be examined on a particular day. He borrowed the money, to make up what was deficient, from an unfortunate clergyman. At the conclusion of the examination he was informed that his balance was correct, but that he was relieved of the charge of the chest, which was taken to the office of the brigade-major of the station, and the clergyman lost his money. Again I met this man, who was a member of an old county family, when he was serving at Vizagapatam with the Invalid Battalion at that place, when I was garrison-surgeon of the station. He was then a confirmed drunkard, and I had often to confine him under a guard to prevent him from injuring his wife in one of his drunken fits. It was

strange that the authorities bore with him so long as they did. This Invalid Battalion has long since been disbanded, and with it the system of finding a haven for useless and disreputable officers has passed away with it. I am far from saying that all the invalid officers were of the same type as this wretched fellow; many were really invalids who had lost their health in the service. Men in this unhappy condition are now pensioned off on the Compassionate Fund, according to their rank and service. Another of my breakfast friends, the youngest son of a distinguished admiral—two of whose brothers attained the same rank—I met again when a Captain in one of the European regiments then forming part of the Madras Army; he too became a drunkard, made a low marriage, and was at last dismissed the service. Curiously enough, I happened to know one of this man's naval brothers, an admiral who for many years was my neighbour at home, and whose acquaintance I first made on service in China. From this officer, long since deceased, I heard the fate of his unhappy brother, who ended his career as a porter on the Great Western Railway at the Bristol station, his brothers allowing him 15s. a week. So much for beer breakfasts.

While on the subject of *drink*, let me once and for all say, that although, when I began my Indian career, a considerable improvement had taken place in the habits of officers in respect to drinking, it is a melancholy fact that drinking to excess was still too much the habit. Many drank strong ale at luncheon, again at dinner, often to the extent of several bottles, followed—particularly on guest nights at mess—by wine in considerable quantities, and by brandy - and - water with cigars afterwards. Not only so, but the habit of what was, and is to this day, called 'peg-drinking,' was

THE LIFE OF

extremely common. It is needless to add that this pernicious habit was in a high degree prejudicial to health, and accounted for a great deal of the high mortality rate that prevailed among the officers of the Indian army; and not only so, but it was, in almost every instance that came under my observation, the direct cause of shipwreck to many young men who thus rendered themselves unfit to serve, and were either obliged to retire, or were dismissed the service by sentence of a court-martial.

Long before I left India a great change for the better had taken place in this particular. Many factors combined to bring about the alteration. The light wines of France and Germany took the place particularly of the strong malt liquor formerly so freely used. Young men in the present day go out to India from homes where sobriety is the rule of life, and, from the enormously quickened communication with Europe, they are more in touch with their homes, having letters weekly from their parents and sisters, a fact exercising an immense influence for good in keeping them on the straight path. There is now a higher 'tone' among young officers than prevailed in my day; they are a hundred times better educated; more is required of them in the way of professional training, and discipline is stricter; they have also more frequent opportunities of visiting their homes, and are consequently not such exiles as they were.

Soon after leaving the 13th Regiment, the only Native regiment I ever served with, I found myself under orders to proceed to Secunderabad to do duty with H.M. 55th Regiment at that station. I had an interview, by order, with the Adjutant-General, who informed me that as there was no combatant officer available for the duty, a batch of young officers

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

recently arrived were to be put under my authority, under a special order by the Commander-in-Chief, a copy of which, with a letter of instructions, was given to me for my guidance. Armed with this, and with a small Sepoy guard and a route from the Quarter-master-General, I set out with my young charge. On the whole they behaved fairly well, giving me little trouble except now and then getting into Native villages and small scrapes with the inhabitants, such as one would expect from thoughtless and high-spirited lads, most of them just let loose from school. All went well until we arrived at a small station on our way, where was a company of the Invalid Battalion, already mentioned, under the command of as bad a specimen of his class as it was my misfortune to meet. Stories are everywhere told of the punishment of men detected cheating at cards, by the sharp discipline of a double-pronged steel fork driven through a hand concealing an ace. This remedy had been employed in this disreputable scamp's case. I had heard of it before seeing him, and the cicatrix of the wound on the back of his hand was confirmation strong of the truth of his card-sharper tricks. This so-called 'officer' immediately made his bad influence felt on some of the oldest of my young men. He invited them to dinner, gave them too much wine, and advised them to 'rump' against my authority; at the same time informing me that he would intimate in his 'garrison orders' when I was to resume my march. I quietly told him that I was acting under special orders direct from the Commander-in-Chief; that in my very precise instructions it was not set down that he was to interfere between me and the young officers under my charge; that if there was a repetition of any such interference leading to acts of insubordination on the part of any of them,

THE LIFE OF

the same should by me be entered in my official journal, a copy of which was sent weekly to headquarters; and, further, that without reference to him, it was my intention to resume my march next morning, which I did, and so ended the matter; for, being unwilling to get this poor devil into a scrape, and, what was worse, the lads he had led astray, I took no notice of the affair beyond explaining my position to those whom he had influenced.

In due course we arrived at the river Kistnah, dividing British territory from that of H.H. the Nizam. We found the river in flood, and were detained for two days before the boatmen would undertake to ferry us across, particularly our baggage camels. Unlike elephants, these animals will not take to the water—they are ships of the desert, not of the sea—and had to be taken across in basket-boats covered with hides, their legs tied to keep them from moving—a process they did not like, giving evidence of the same in their usual grumbling way. On the other side of the river we found a party of horsemen of one of the Nizam's cavalry regiments waiting to escort us to Secunderabad, sent because some robbers had been prowling on the roads and might have attacked our baggage.

The remainder of the march to Secunderabad was completed without any adventures. There I reported myself to the brigadier commanding the station, to the senior officer of my own Department, and to the colonel commanding H.M. 55th Regiment, and took leave of my companions, who were after a few days sent on to their respective regiments under an officer appointed for the purpose. I was sorry to part with them. One of them, a particularly shy and not strong-minded lad, very ill-adapted for a military life and roughing it through the world, died within a few

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

months of joining his regiment; and, curiously enough, I never again fell in with any of the batch, of whom I suppose not one survives.

The 55th Regiment, to which I was now attached, was at that time an exception to almost every regiment in H.M. service; its colours were blank, having no record of active service emblazoned on them, with the exception, if I rightly remember, of 'Namur.' It was my fortune to serve in the same expedition with it in China, when it won the device of the dragon on the regimental colour, given to all regiments that took part in that war (1840-41).

The 55th was under the command of Colonel Schoede, an officer, from his name, presumably of German extraction. He was a Peninsular veteran, who had served in the Rifle Brigade. He received me with the greatest consideration, and so long as I had the honour to serve under his command, he treated me with the utmost kindness. Colonel Schoede was a strict disciplinarian of the Wellington school. Being unmarried, he dined daily with his officers, and sternly repressed mess extravagance. So long as he was with the regiment during my time with it, I never saw a bottle of champagne opened at mess. The day he left, on his return to England on leave, advantage was taken of his departure, and that night 'the foaming grape of Eastern France' flowed freely. I always found the colonel a kind-hearted man, but he governed his men after the fashion that prevailed in Wellington's army in Spain. Regimental court-martials were frequent, and on the very many occasions it was my unpleasant duty to be present when men were brought to the halberts; he exacted the full penalty of the sentence to the last lash. And not only so, but no drummer who showed an inclination to wield his 'cat' mercifully, escaped the never-

THE LIFE OF

failing admonition that, unless he 'did his duty,' he would be brought to a drum-head court-martial and himself receive one hundred lashes. I often wonder that, in the days of which I write, men were so patient under this discipline. Every now and again, it is true, martinets were in danger. During my service in India more than one officer of this type was fired at out of revenge. With my colonel, I am sure his stern discipline had its root simply in the force of habit. This was the way he had seen discipline maintained from his youth upwards, and he knew no other method. Such was the iron system in Spain, when the ranks were filled with what the Iron Duke himself called the 'scum of the earth,' too often the sweepings of prisons. The fault of this worthy officer was, that like many others of his class brought up under the same traditions, he did not take into account the marked difference in the material he had to deal with in 1839 from that of which Wellington's army was to some extent composed.

This harsh and unsympathetic discipline continued in the army until the case of a soldier of the name of White occurred, who, if I rightly remember, died from the consequences of a flogging (I think one hundred and fifty lashes) to which he was subjected by sentence of a court-martial at a country dépôt near London. This created a great sensation. The *Lancet*, then edited by Wakley, a well-known and clever Radical M.P., took the case up, not only in his journal but in the House of Commons. The public mind became heated, and the first step towards the final abolition of corporal punishment was taken by restricting the number of lashes to fifty. White's case was by no means a singular one. A soldier, an unhealthy, scrofulous lad, who had been punished with more than one hundred lashes at Chinghai in

China, died under my care from extensive sloughing of the muscles of the back following this brutal punishment, and I have heard army medical officers mention other cases that occurred at foreign stations far from the cognisance of the *Lancet* and the House of Commons.

I met Colonel Schoede again at Chinghai in China, when he, as a brigadier, commanded the station. Once again I saw him at a punishment parade, at which I was present on duty; and once again heard him admonish one of the drummers, in the old familiar terms, to 'do his duty.' The soldier under punishment on this occasion belonged to the 18th Royal Irish, as did the officiating drummer. I well remember how the stern accents of this strict disciplinarian, in the slang of the present day, made those present 'sit up.' My old Colonel was made a K.C.B., and spent his declining years near Lyndhurst, in Hampshire. Hearing this, on the occasion of a visit to the beautiful church of that picturesquely situated little town, I searched the graveyard, on the side of the hill on which the church stands, for his resting-place, which I found, and there once more saluted the brave old soldier who, in the days of my youth, had shown me no little kindness. The second in command was then Major Peter Edmonstone Craigie, in after years commanding the centre division of the Madras Army, when I was one of the Presidency surgeons at headquarters, and attended him and his family, with whom I became very intimate.

The surgeon of the 55th Regiment, when I joined it, was a man I can never forget—Dr. Shanks. From the hour I made his acquaintance to the last of our intercourse, he treated me like a brother; giving me his entire confidence, and doing everything in his power to assist me in the performance of very anxious

THE LIFE OF

and responsible duties, and making me—an outsider—feel as perfectly at home as if I had been commissioned to the regiment. He at once handed over to my medical charge one wing of the regiment, retaining the other himself. I have said the duty was anxious and responsible, and so it was. The barracks in which the 55th were quartered had long an infamous notoriety. I have elsewhere placed the melancholy history of this pest-house, or group of pest-houses, on record. It must here suffice to say that dysentery in its worst and most fatal form had long been endemic in them, partly from faults of situation and construction—mal-position and bad construction and conservancy of the latrines, and from overcrowding. I was fortunate in gaining the confidence of the men committed to my care. I treated dysentery on the general principles followed by Dr. Mortimer in the General Hospital at Madras—*i.e.* mainly by the use of ipecacuanha instead of mercury (calomel), which had been much in vogue in the regimental hospital. In this way I got my cases earlier: the men found that they were not subjected to mercurial treatment, and instead of putting off reporting themselves until they could bear the suffering no longer, did so on the first symptoms appearing, and were thus more amenable to treatment. Dr. Shanks never interfered with me, and we continued to work in the most perfect harmony as long as we were together. Shanks and Colonel Schoede were on terms of great intimacy. It was a peculiarity of the latter that he was nervous both in riding and driving, and rarely trusted himself in a two-wheeled carriage unless Shanks held the reins.

At this time, and long afterwards, there was an officer, Lieutenant C——, whose name will always be remembered in connection with the memorable duel

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

in which Major Fawcett of the same regiment fell, shot by his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Monro of the Royal Horse Guards. Lieutenant C—— was an Irishman of quiet and gentlemanly manners, much looked up to in all matters relating to points of ‘honour.’ He was an authority with whom no one disputed on such subjects, which he had studied as a lawyer does questions of law. Two books he had at his finger-ends—one was the *Army List*, the other the *Peerage*. It used to be laughingly said that he not only knew the date of every officer’s commission, but also the number of visits to Lord Fitzroy Somerset before the commission was obtained. In the *Peerage* he was ‘up,’ as probably no man ever has been before or since, and with amusing solemnity he used to correct those who made mistakes not only as to the dates of creation of peers, but as to the marriages of the ‘Lord Johns’ and ‘Lady Marys,’ from the first page of the *Peerage* to the last. I had the pleasure of meeting Lieutenant C—— in China. He led the advanced party that scaled the walls of Chin-kiang-foo, on the side assaulted by the 55th Regiment, and was wounded in the foot. I was then doing duty with the 18th Royal Irish, and some days after the capture of the city I went off to the transport to which he had been sent after the action. I found my friend sitting on the poop, his injured foot resting on a shot-box, and beside him the *Army List* and *Peerage*! He afterwards distinguished himself in the Crimea, where he fell; and I do not suppose that there was a more gallant officer before Sebastopol.

No one can doubt that he was greatly to blame in the matter of the duel already referred to. Fawcett and Monro were brothers-in-law, married to two sisters; the dispute arose out of some business matter, and the duty of ‘friends’ of both parties was to have

THE LIFE OF

brought about a reconciliation, leaving the question out of which the quarrel arose, to be settled by arbitration.

Probably language had passed between the principals that C——, with his strict Sir Lucius O'Trigger notions, thought could only be wiped out, if not with blood, at least by an exchange of shots. There was a great outcry when the fatal result was known, and C—— and the second on the other side had to leave the country until public feeling cooled down, when he returned and stood his trial. One good thing came out of this lamentable 'affair of honour,'—to the best of my knowledge and belief, it was the last duel fought in Great Britain.

Early in 1839 a wing of the 55th Regiment was ordered to Madras, and I was placed in medical charge of it. The wing was under the command of a namesake, Captain Norman Maclean, an old officer for his rank. He had no money to purchase his way to a higher grade, and, like hundreds of others in like case, had to content himself as best he could by the slow 'steps' made for him by death. We had a few cases of cholera on the first or second march, to the best of my recollection without a death, and reached our destination without further adventures.

I was, on arrival, placed in charge of the Queen's Garrison Hospital by Dr. John Murray, Inspector-General of Queen's Troops. From this officer I received much kindness, having often met him before going to Secunderabad. Dr. Murray was an old Peninsular officer, and a surgeon of high reputation. He had long been quartered at the Cape of Good Hope, where he had a large and lucrative private practice among invalids from India, who, under the old charters of the East India Company, were allowed to go there for health, without the loss of their appointments. Many of both services, military and

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

civil, availed themselves of this privilege so frequently, as to earn the nickname of 'Cape Pigeons.' Not long after this, Dr. Murray was moved to Bengal, where he died. Promotion at that time in the medical department of the British Army was so slow, that those who came out in administrative rank were old men, mostly worn out by long service, and incapable of bearing the climate of India, to which the majority of them in the three Presidencies succumbed.

CHAPTER VI

WAR SERVICE IN CHINA

I HAD not been long at Madras when it became known that, consequent on the high-handed proceedings of Commissioner Lin in destroying opium, the property of British merchants, and in interference with British trade, contrary to treaty engagements, an expedition was preparing against China—Madras to furnish the Artillery and Engineers. I at once volunteered for this service. The Governor, Lord Elphinstone, was absent on the Nilgherry Hills, and as there was no telegraph in those days, I was kept in doubt as to the Governor's permission until the night before embarkation.

On the 13th of April 1840, the Engineers and Artillery embarked: the former on the transport *John Adams*, the Artillery on the *Rustomjee Cowasjee*, a fine Bombay-built ship, which proved from first to last the fastest vessel of the expedition, able to hold her own with any man-of-war in the fleet. When sailing with the other transports she was always able to 'keep her station' with only her top-sails set. The Engineers were under the command of Captain Pears (the late General Sir Thomas Pears, K.C.B.), having under him Captain Cotton, Lieutenants Johnston, Randall, Ochterlony, and Birdwood; Lieutenant Gordon, 32nd Regiment Madras Army, doing duty with the Sappers. Of the above, only one sur-

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

vives—viz. Major-General Fred. Cotton. The Artillery, consisting of two companies, were under the command of Colonel Peter Montgomerie, C.B., afterwards General Sir Peter Montgomerie; Captains Philip Anstruther and Moore; Lieutenants George Balfour (Brigade-Major, afterwards General Sir George Balfour, K.C.B., M.P.), Barrow, Gabbett, Little, Caddell, Baker, Foulis, joined us at Singapore. Surgeon, John Peter Grant; Assistant-Surgeon, W. C. Maclean, M.D. Of the above I am the sole survivor. Colonel Montgomerie was a man of a fine soldierly presence and bearing, and one of the most sensible men I ever knew; very popular with his officers, who were proud of him. Anstruther was in his way a remarkable man—I shall have occasion to mention him further on—very clever, a good mathematician and draughtsman. Moore was a man of another stamp, somewhat cold, distant, and reserved; a good officer and strict disciplinarian. It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding all this, he was ten times more liked by his men than the comparatively slack and more generally popular Anstruther; the reason was, although stern in matters of duty, he took more care of his men, and looked after their interests—in other words, he was a better officer, although not so scientific a man. Before the war was over I came to know Moore well, and was able to get over the stiffness of manner that repelled so many; and found him to be one whose friendship was a possession worth having. I had the good fortune to meet him in after years, when I came home to take up my Professorship in the Army Medical School. He came several times to hear me lecture at the Royal United Service Institution, and paid me a visit at Southampton not long before his death.

Little and Foulis died early—the former broke down on service, was sent home, and died soon after

THE LIFE OF

from brain disease. Caddell lived to be a major-general, and to command a division of the Madras Army. We met once or twice at home, when he was in bad health. Baker, who was the youngest of the party, was a great pet of the Colonel's, who was amused with his 'cheek,' of which he had enough and to spare. He was fond of playing practical jokes, and much given to laugh at his own pleasantries; but, like most men of his temperament, he was very sensitive to retaliation, yet not at all a bad fellow. He died at home, after retirement, as a lieutenant-colonel, after much ill-health. Foulis was an old school-fellow of mine. I saw little of him during the war, as he was employed on board one of the armed steamers, with a party of gunners to work the heavy guns with which they were all armed. We never met again, and he died young.

Barrow was the one of all the others with whom I was most thrown in contact in after years. We met, and for many years were on terms of great intimacy, when he was Commissary of Ordnance at Secunderabad, and I was Residency Surgeon at Hyderabad; again in Madras, when he became Commissary-General of Ordnance; and finally, when we were fellow-citizens in Southampton. He retired as a major-general, was made a C.B., was twice married, and had a large family by both wives. He was ultimately left with ten daughters, two of them twins, and mere babies. The death of his second wife was most tragic. Her eldest daughter 'came out' at a large ball given by the medical staff of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, at which at least three hundred guests were present. In conversation with my niece, she expressed a desire to change her position to have a better view of her daughter dancing; was seized with a fit of apoplexy, never spoke again, and died next day.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

To the sorrow of all his friends, her husband followed her in October 1890. His constitution was much impaired by gout, one attack after another broke him down, and he succumbed to an attack of bronchitis. He was in every relation of life an exemplary man, warm-hearted, generous, and upright; a conscientious public officer, and a true friend. I valued his friendship much. Off and on, our friendship lasted for fifty years.

My friend, Surgeon John Peter Grant, gave me half his cabin on board the *Rustomjee*, and I was in luxury in comparison with the other officers, who were crowded into one common cabin, where they were supremely uncomfortable. In fact, the ship was shamefully overcrowded, as was the custom in those days, when it was next to impossible to get those in power to consider questions of health, always made subsidiary to others of less importance. In addition to two strong companies of artillery, we had 166 gun Lascars. At daylight, on the 14th April 1840, both transports sailed. We had unpleasant weather until the 4th of May. We arrived at Malacca on the 9th. After taking in fresh provisions and water, we sailed for Singapore, where we arrived on the 11th May. Here we found H.M. ships *Wellesley*, flying the broad pennon of Sir Gordon Bremner, the *Alligator*, *Cruiser*, and *Algerine*. Admiral Sir Thomas Maitland, Commander-in-Chief on the India Station, had died, and Sir Gordon Bremner, returning in command of H.M. ship *Alligator* from founding a new settlement at Port Essington, being senior officer, assumed the command of the fleet. The greater part of H.M. 49th and 18th Regiments had arrived. The steamer *Madagascar* was sent into the Straits of Malacca to bring in the headquarter ship *Marion*, becalmed there, which she did. The residents of Singapore,

THE LIFE OF

by the way, were most hospitable to the officers of the fleet and army.

The Commodore, more considerate than the Madras authorities, took up two additional transports. One, the *Victoria*, was handed over to the Artillery; and the B Company, to which I was attached, with a part of the gun Lascars, under the command of Captain Anstruther, were transferred to this ship; a similar division was made of the Engineers, a company of sappers being transferred to the *Medusa*.

On the 30th May, at daylight, the *Wellesley* flagship fired a signal gun, and let fall her top-sails, and at noon the fleet weighed and stood out to sea in three divisions. The wind having dropped, the fleet, by signal, brought up for the night about ten miles to the westward of Singapore. On the 31st, at daylight, we weighed; but, the wind falling light, had to anchor again. At 8 A.M. we made sail again, and in the evening passed Pedro Blanco. The *Victoria* soon proved herself to be the slowest sailer in the fleet, and very ill provided with all the modern requisites for navigation. As Anstruther afterwards told the Commodore, she had no 'ometers.' We soon parted company with the fleet, and had to make the best of our way alone. We were plagued with light and variable winds, and it was the 21st of June before we made the land. On the 22nd, disregarding signals at a considerable distance by H.M. ship *Algerine*, which we afterwards heard were intended to order us to join the fleet outside, we stood on to Macao roads, where we found H.M. ships *Wellesley*, *Alligator*, and *Larne*, with the armed steamers *Queen*, *Atalanta*, and *Madagascar*, with one or two transports. On the following day, the Commodore declared the blockade of this part of the coast, and left H.M. ships *Druid*, *Volage*, *Hyacinth*, and *Madagascar* to enforce it. On the

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

24th we weighed, and, with the rest of the fleet, made the best of our way to Chusan. On the 29th we cleared the Straits of Formosa. On the 1st of July the fleet assembled under Buffalo's Nose, where we anchored, and found that our headquarter ship *Rustomjee Cowasjee* had arrived the previous night. We there learned the death of Brigadier-General Oglander, H.M. 26th Cameronians, the officer commanding the land forces. This proved a bitter misfortune to the expedition generally, and more particularly to his own regiment. Oglander was a good soldier, and an excellent man. His whole life was devoted to his men, by whom he was greatly loved and trusted. A man of strong religious faith, he was solicitous about the spiritual as well as temporal interests of his men, and his death-bed was surrounded by non-commissioned officers and old soldiers, Scotsmen like himself, holding the same pronounced views on religion. By his men he was sincerely mourned, although they knew not at the time how much cause they had to regret his loss.

The following are extracts from my diary :

' 2nd July.—The fleet weighed with a strong flood-tide and light variable winds. It was a splendid sight, as the ships under all sail worked among the beautiful islands, cultivated to their summits, with well-built walls on the sea faces, constructed to exclude the sea from the cultivated lands. We anchored in the evening twelve miles from the great Chusan island; some of the officers of the 49th Regiment came on board and spent the night with us, being unable on account of the strong set of the tide to regain their own ship; rather a noisy night.

' 4th.—At a quarter past 7 A.M., Commodore weighed, and stood into the harbour of Chusan, towed by the steamer *Atalanta*; at eight, the fleet weighed by

THE LIFE OF

' signal, and stood for the passage into the harbour, with a strong flood-tide. When nearly abreast of the passage, signal was made to stand off again ; the whole fleet was in consequence swept past the mouth of the passage, and had great difficulty in working its way up again, and entered the narrows just as the ebb began to set out of the passage with extreme rapidity. The ships were in consequence thrown into the utmost confusion, fouling one another, and causing some damage ; at a quarter to four P.M. we brought up in the stream.

' Sunday, 5th.—At 10 A.M. weighed, and entered the beautiful harbour of Chusan. The town surrounded by hills, with rich-looking valleys between the hills, cultivated and terraced almost to their summits. Crowds of poor people were seen on the hills watching the fleet, and large numbers crowded the pathways by the water-side, engaged in carrying off their household goods from the houses near the beach. As soon as the anchor was down, preparations were made for landing. The guns were got into the launches, and Colonel Montgomerie, Lieutenant Balfour, and self in one of the towing cutters, had not left the ship many minutes when a single gun was fired from the *Wellesley* at a round and armed tower, abreast of which the flagship was anchored. After a minute's pause, it was answered from the shore batteries by three guns fired in quick succession ; in a minute the *Wellesley* fired another single gun, instantly followed by a furious cannonade from all the men-of-war, which quickly silenced the poor and ineffective fire from the shore. The troops at once landed, and all resistance ended. In a few minutes the Royal Irish occupied a hill on our right, with a large temple on its summit, which dominated the beach and all the defences ; a sailor climbed up

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

' the tall flagstaff, and, amid the cheers of the regiment, waved the Union Jack. In a few minutes the boats of the men-of-war that had been engaged in landing the troops were seen all about the harbour gaily decorated with Chinese flags, thrown away by the defenders of the beach, who were unable, with their paltry defences, to stand the terrible fire of the great guns of the fleet. All their miserable artillery, most of them old guns, not heavier than six- or nine-pounders, were dismounted, and their carriages smashed. The gunners—at least the few who ventured, even for a few minutes, to reply to the cannonade that searched the whole beach—were killed; some of them had both legs shot off, but, as might have been expected, not many had ventured on the unequal contest. Wounded pigs were rushing about with their entrails hanging about their feet, and, after the custom of their kind, filling the air with their screams and lamentations. The chief mandarin had been on board the *Wellesley* the previous day, and every effort had been made by the interpreters to induce him to give up the place without resistance. He was taken along the gun-deck of the *Wellesley*, and the hopelessness of attempting to fight with the poor means at his disposal was urged on him. He frankly allowed all this, but said he must do his duty, and would resist if an attempt was made to land. The city proper, surrounded by a ditch and wall, was about half a mile inland from the beach where we landed. The artillery were quartered in a temple, or "joss-house," about four hundred yards from the city wall. In the course of that night we had an amusing example of a panic which seized the picket in front of us, consisting of very young soldiers of the 26th Cameronians. Loud shouting and confusion arose during the night, and the order

THE LIFE OF

' was given to "stand to your arms." Turning out quickly, bugles were sounding the alarm all about us, and presently the picket came in, helter-skelter, the young soldiers swearing that "ten thousand Chinamen were in full pursuit." Numbers of them had thrown their firearms into the rice-fields on each side of the paved way along which they had retreated, and many hours were spent with the aid of lanterns in fishing them out of their muddy beds! The cause of the alarm, the "ten thousand Chinamen" of the panic-struck lads, turned out to be Captain Pears of the Engineers, and some of his officers and sappers, whose footsteps were heard as they reconnoitred the city walls!'

On the following day the artillery fired some shrapnel shells at the walls, on the parapet of which a number of men in warlike dresses, according to Chinese notions, had assembled. We afterwards found that the military mandarin in command was killed by a shell from one of our nine-pounder guns, laid by Captain Moore. The city surrendered without any pretence at further defence. It was incapable of any effective resistance. It was immediately occupied by the 26th Cameronians.

Now began the infamous 'occupation of Chusan,' which cost so many lives—without question one of the most disgraceful episodes in our military history. It has often struck me that if a *Times* correspondent had been on the spot to send home such a narrative of events as Dr. Russell did from the Crimea, it is more than probable that public opinion would have been so effectively called to the defects in our military and sanitary organisation, as to have led to reforms in both that would have gone far to prevent the miserable breakdown in the Crimea, which so justly called forth public indignation, and led directly to

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

the reorganisation of all branches of the service, which has been so beneficial, and has effected an enormous saving of life at home and abroad, in peace and war. I have already hinted at the loss the expedition sustained in the death of General Oglander. The command, in course of seniority, fell into the hands of Colonel B—— of the 18th Royal Irish, than whom, it is not too much to say, a more incapable commander never lived. I was stationed within less than a quarter of a mile of this officer's headquarters, and can only say that during the whole time of the occupation I never saw his face. I am perfectly certain that he never visited my hospital, and I never heard of his once being seen in any of the regimental hospitals during the time of greatest sickness. The 26th Cameronians—a very young regiment—landed on the wharf at Chusan the day it was captured, with a strength of nine hundred officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. It was sent to occupy the city, where it was crowded into miserable, unwholesome quarters, without a single attempt at sanitary arrangements. The regiment came from Bengal. Beef was hurriedly salted in Calcutta for the use of the troops at sea. I suppose this is an operation that can never be efficiently carried out in such a climate as that of Lower Bengal. Be this as it may, the meat when served out to this unfortunate regiment at Chusan was in a semi-putrid condition. This was of course brought to the notice of Colonel B——, whose sapient decision was that it was not to be 'wasted,'—it was to be consumed to the last cask. In vain it was pointed out that, if consumed in such a condition, human lives without number would be 'wasted.' The result of this 'economical' folly was soon evident. Scorbutic dysentery, the like of which had not been seen since the first war in Burma, in 1824-25, immediately

THE LIFE OF

attacked the regiment, and with the aid of malarial fever, and what would now be recognised as enteric fever, in a few weeks destroyed it. I am certain that, in less than two months from the day of landing, a hundred men fit to bear arms could not have been furnished by this once fine body of men. All this time H.M. ships were hoisting in fresh beef for their crews two or three days in the week.

The surgeon of the regiment was Dr. William Bell, an able and conscientious medical officer, who was left without support or sympathy to struggle, single-handed, as best he could, with this terrible state of matters brought about by the ignorance and obstinacy of the officer in command. When the sickness and mortality were at the worst, a council of military and naval officers was held at headquarters. At this council the principal medical officer of the forces, Dr. King of the Bengal Army, was present. I well remember a conversation I had with Admiral Elliot, who frankly told me that he was shocked at the insolent behaviour of Colonel B—— to Dr. King, when the latter pointed out the dreadful mistakes, from a sanitary point of view, by which the occupation of the island of Chusan was accompanied. Finding that all his efforts were in vain, and that all his advice was useless, Dr. King availed himself of bad health, which he would otherwise have disregarded, took a sick certificate, and returned to Calcutta. By the month of October the sickness and mortality exceeded those of all the previous months, the 26th alone losing eighty-two by death.

One of the most interesting incidents I ever witnessed, and one never to be seen again, took place during the occupation. The *Melville*, 74, entering the narrow passage to Chusan harbour, swept onwards with great rapidity by a strong flood-tide, struck

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

on a sunken rock, which is now on the charts named the 'Melville Rock.' The result was a formidable leak, requiring great efforts to keep the ship afloat. In the end the ship was cleared, everything except her lower masts was taken out of her, her top-sides and deck were carefully caulked. She was then hove down to H.M.S. *Blenheim* by means of enormous blocks made for the purpose. In this condition, with many others, I walked along the keel of the great ship. All the carpenters of the fleet were engaged repairing the damage. A large part of the false keel had been broken off, as well as part of the 'garboard streak,' as it is technically called. The rudder also had been unshipped, the heel of it was frayed out, and resembled a great brush.

Another event made a considerable sensation—viz. the carrying off by Chinamen of Captain Anstruther. He had been for some time engaged in making a survey of as much of the island as he had access to, and was in the habit of going out alone, with only an old Madras servant to carry his theodolite. He had often been warned of his danger, and Colonel Montgomerie had repeatedly directed him to take a guard with him. On the night of the 15th September I heard Anstruther crying out in his sleep. His tent was next to mine. I hurried to him as quickly as I could, and, shaking him well, awoke him, when he burst into a loud peal of laughter, and told me he would explain the cause next morning. At breakfast he told his dream, which did not require a Joseph to interpret. It was that when out surveying, he and his man were suddenly surprised and carried off. That day he went out as usual and did not return.

Search-parties were organised and sent out in every direction, with buglers who sounded their instruments at all the farm-houses. It subsequently transpired that, just as he had dreamed, he was suddenly

THE LIFE OF

surrounded, he and his old servant roughly handled, forced into a wooden cage, and hurried to the nearest part of the coast and thence to Ning-Po, on the mainland, where he was kept a prisoner until the peace. He had for his companion Lieutenant Douglas, R.N., who, when in command of a store-ship, had been shipwrecked on the coast, and sent to Ning-Po. They were made a show of—hundreds of people coming daily to see them, as if they had been wild beasts, being indeed regarded by the people as little better. Anstruther's talent for drawing stood them in good stead; he made humorous sketches which he sold to the people for copper cash, which enabled them to supplement their rather short commons. Anstruther's cage was found in the prison at Ning-Po, when that city, at a subsequent stage of the war, was occupied. It was taken to Madras, and placed in the museum at the artillery headquarters at St. Thomas' Mount, where I suppose it remains to this day.

On the 20th November I was ordered to embark with a party of the 26th Cameronians under Lieutenant Wallace, on the armed transport *Mahommed Shah*, under the command of Lieutenant Helpman, R.N., destined to act as guardship at the back of Chusan in a roadstead called Sahoo. There I remained until the 14th of January 1841, when I was relieved, and returned to headquarters in the tender of H.M.S. *Conway*, sent to fetch me. The months spent on this duty were passed pleasantly enough, although the weather was often bitterly cold. The *Mahommed Shah* was fitted entirely for navigating in hot climates, and we had no fire in the cuddy. My shipmates were right good fellows. Helpman was an old R.N. Lieutenant, as worthy a man as ever breathed, but, having no 'interest,' he had stuck hope-

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

lessly on the list of lieutenants. Whether or not promotion was given him at the end of the war, I do not know. I hope so; but when my tour of duty in the *Mahomed Shah* ended we never met again. Young Wallace was little more than a beardless boy, but a most amiable young fellow. I can, at this great distance of time, recall his young face, and the song—the one song which no doubt his sisters had taught him—‘She wore a wreath of roses.’ We parted, after spending all the months we were together on the most friendly and intimate terms. I had to go my way and he his, and we never met again. What his fate was in the service, how he lived and where he died, I never could learn, although I often tried to trace his career, which I am sure was an honourable one.¹

The time passed pleasantly enough. At first H.M.S. *Nimrod* was with us, followed by H.M.S. *Alligator*. With the officers of both ships we became very intimate, and many were the pleasant evenings we passed together. The captain of the *Alligator* was Captain Kuper, a son-in-law of Commodore Bremner. He had a fine voice, and often joined his wardroom officers of an evening. I well remember a song of his that was a great favourite with us all, and which he sung with much expression, ‘The heart that can feel for another.’

The coast, the inundated paddy-fields, and the sea and creeks, swarmed with wild fowl, flocks of wild swans and geese, and every variety of duck; and we had capital sport as often as we cared to have a day’s shooting, which was almost every day, weather permitting. With the first and second lieutenants of the

¹ Since the above was in type, I stumbled on the following *In Memoriam* notice—‘William Edward Wallace, 26th Cameronians, after long suffering, died 1892.’

THE LIFE OF

Nimrod—Lieutenants Fox and Williams—I became specially intimate: with the first-named in particular, who, as will be related further on, was killed at the storming of one of the forts covering the land side of Canton.

On the 16th January I resumed charge of the artillery, now quartered in some repaired buildings near the wharf at Chusan. Here I again met my friends Fox and Williams of the *Nimrod*.

On the 8th of February a flag of truce came in from the mainland, with news that peace had been proclaimed. This was confirmed by the arrival of H.M.S. *Columbine*. It appears that an action took place on the 9th of January, when the batteries near the Bogue Forts at the mouth of the Canton River had been taken by a combined land and sea attack. The result was a truce, the cession of Hong-Kong to the British Crown, and the evacuation of Chusan. On the 24th, prisoners were given up, the island was evacuated, and I embarked with the artillery on board the *Rustomjee Cowasjee*, and sailed for Hong-Kong, where we arrived on the 3rd of March.

At this time I paid another visit to Macao, where I again met Mrs. Stewart and her husband (Mrs. S. had been a passenger on the *Marquis Camden*). I was very pleased to meet her once more, and I also received much hospitality from Captain Elliot and his wife. Captain Elliot was the so-called Superintendent of Trade—in other words, until the arrival of Sir Henry Pottinger, the chief political authority of Great Britain in China. He was a man of considerable ability, but most unpopular with the naval and military services. His anxiety for peace was great, and it was thought by most people that his efforts to patch up a temporary settlement of the dispute ended in

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

prolonging the contest. He was accused of being credulous, and too apt to believe the word of the Chinese officials, who, until the final settlement of the war at the Peace of Nankin, were as a rule men of inferior rank. There can be no doubt that in entering into negotiations with them he made a great mistake. When Sir Henry Pottinger arrived, his superior knowledge of the ways of Orientals made him refuse to have any dealings with officials save those of the highest rank. Captain Elliot was also greatly blamed for entering into negotiations when Canton was on the point of being taken by storm, after the land fortifications were carried, and when, as will be presently related, he consented to accept a ransom of six million dollars. In this I think he was unjustly blamed. If the city had been carried by storm, as no doubt would have been the case, a terrible massacre of the inhabitants would have taken place—including in the confusion of the assault, in all probability, hundreds of non-combatants. Once soldiers enter a crowded city in this way, it is next to impossible to restrain them, and to maintain, or rather restore, discipline, until much irreparable mischief has been done.

The so-called ‘peace’ was of short duration. On the 7th of May I rejoined the forces at Hong-Kong. On the 22nd, the expedition entered the Canton River for the capture of the city. The troops, seamen and marines, were embarked in all manner of river craft, and taken in tow by the steamer *Nemesis*. As we passed up the stream, the light-draft men-of-war were engaged with the river batteries—a very lively scene. We were disembarked about three miles above the factories, and on the 25th moved on to attack the forts on the heights above Canton. On arriving, the artillery opened fire on the forts, to

THE LIFE OF

cover the attack by the blue-jackets. Moore's battery, with which I was, engaged the fort to the extreme right within a quarter of a mile, or less, of the city walls. The seamen carried this by assault after a stout resistance. My dear friend Fox, H.M.S. *Nimrod*, passed close to our battery, leading his men, and we there met for the last time, and shook hands ; he was in the highest spirits. A few minutes after entering the fort, a cannon-ball from the city wall carried off one of his legs in such a way as to make amputation through the thigh necessary. Under the double shock of the wound and operation he sank, greatly mourned by his brother officers—by none more sincerely than by me. He was a man of singularly attractive manners—gentle, open, brave. He honoured me with his friendship, which I warmly reciprocated. Our other battery was posted on a height commanding a part of the city and a large entrenched camp situated on the extreme left, which was captured by the 49th and 18th Regiments. The shells from the artillery blew up several magazines within the city walls, causing great loss of life and much alarm. At this time the ammunition arrangements of the Chinese were of the most primitive kind ; their gunpowder being, as often as not, in large clay pots, partially sunk in the ground, and often uncovered ! In this way a great many of our men were severely injured by the explosion of gunpowder when we took possession of posts out of which the Chinese soldiers had been driven. We spent the night in the mat-huts on the heights that in the morning had been occupied by the enemy.

In the course of the night I was made the subject of a curious illusion that reminded me of a similar experience of Sir Walter Scott. He relates that soon after the death of Lord Byron in 1824 he had been

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

one whole day at Abbotsford engaged in writing an article for the *Quarterly Review* on Byron, which had stirred his mind much. Just as the evening was closing in, he finished his article, and going out into the passage towards the door of the porch, he was suddenly startled by seeing, as he thought, the pale and handsome face of the noble poet, with a calm but sad expression, standing looking at him. Sir Walter stood still, and for many minutes regarded the vision, perfectly aware that it was a mere reflex of the image that had all day been before his mind when concentrated on his work. Advancing towards the object, it resolved itself into the hats and cloaks hanging in the hall. On the night in question I was endeavouring to get some sleep on some bare trestles, a 'plank bed.' Turning my eyes to a mat partition that divided the hut into two parts, behind which a light was shining I saw the face of my dear friend Fox calmly and sadly regarding me. I sat up, and, resting myself on my elbow, looked at this striking presentment of a face so familiar to me, without the smallest sense of—I won't use the word 'fear,' for I perfectly knew the picture before me was in my own mind. I merely assured myself that I was quite awake—not dreaming. The face seemed, as it were, framed in the mat partition. Presently, some one on the other side moved the light, and in a moment the face vanished from my sight. Half a century has passed since I saw that pale, sad face; yet I can at pleasure recall it as it gazed at me from the mat partition in the hut on the heights of Canton.

In the course of the same night I had an opportunity of saving an officer's commission. Somewhere about midnight Sir Hugh Gough, who had taken command of the expedition, came into the hut with some of his staff, and with some difficulty awoke an officer who

THE LIFE OF

was sleeping on a ‘plank bed’ near me. This gentleman, after the fatigues of the day, had partaken ‘not wisely, but too well’ of the contents of his spirit-flask, and was considerably ‘fuddled’ thereby. I knew at a glance that the General’s experienced eye saw the exact state of the case. He looked sternly at the half-t tipsy captain, and gave him an order to repair at a particular hour to a particular spot, not far from the hut, where he would find a working-party consisting of a certain number of men, and he was directed to construct a battery intended to cover an escalading party appointed to carry the city wall just in front of the hut. This order was repeated twice over, and, as the battery was to be ready at daylight, there was not much time to lose. My neighbour, I clearly saw, was in a very hazy state of mind, and did not very clearly understand his orders. He returned to his hard couch, and was quickly snoring under the influence of his spirituous ‘nightcap.’ With great difficulty I roused him, obtained some cold water for him, and, after seeing him well sponged, explained the General’s orders to him, fortunately made him understand them, and started him off to carry them into effect. Into that battery Captain Moore’s company of artillery was marched at daybreak. I was on duty with his battery. A heavy piece of ordnance from the wall a little to our left was pointed right into our battery. Observing this, Moore carefully pointed two guns directly into the muzzle of the one that threatened us, and gave the order to fire both the very moment the signal was given to begin the action, with the intention of dismounting it. How it was that the men on the wall permitted us to take up the position we did with impunity, can only be explained by the fact that one of Captain Elliot’s many ‘truces’ had been made on the previous night,

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

and had not expired. Just as all was ready to begin, and the escalading parties had assembled at various points, it was announced, to the great vexation of the troops, that the city had been ransomed on the payment, within one or two days, of six million dollars. Our position in this battery was so exposed to fire from the wall in front, and to our right and left from the bastions on either hand, that if the attack had been begun, every one of us in the battery must have been picked off, even by the worst marksmen in the world.

On the 30th of May, Major Beecher, Quarter-master-General, died of sunstroke after exposure to great heat, which on that morning was intense. It was followed by a tempest of wind and rain. A party of the 26th Cameronian Regiment and the 37th Madras Native Infantry, sent out to reconnoitre and observe a large mass of Chinese troops that seemed to be manœuvring to get between us and our ships, were caught in this tempest of rain, and surrounded by a large body of Chinese troops, armed with long spears. In a few minutes their flint-locks were unserviceable, and the men were in great danger of being crushed by numbers and speared. A detachment of Royal Marines, armed with percussion muskets, were sent to their relief, and the Chinamen were soon dispersed with considerable loss.

This was one of the first occasions—if not the first—when percussion arms were used in war by British soldiers. It is curious to remember that the Duke of Wellington was stoutly opposed to the introduction of this weapon into the service, long after similar arms had come into general use all over the world. The Iron Duke was wedded to the arm that had done him good service in Spain and at Waterloo. ‘Brown Bess’ was still deemed, in Napier’s phrase, the ‘queen of weapons.’

THE LIFE OF

The Duke's objection was a curious one—viz. that the clumsy fingers of soldiers could not be taught to use such small objects as percussion-caps in action. It was to meet this objection that the percussion-caps first introduced into the service were made nearly three times larger than those used by sportsmen, and shaped like a miniature Dutchman's hat, to give Tommy Atkins' supposed 'clumsy fingers' a good grip of them.

On the 12th of June, the ransom having been paid, the troops evacuated the heights of Canton and returned to their ships. In the midst of stormy weather some returned to Hong-Kong, and other parts of the expedition to Macao roads.

On the 13th, H.M. ship *Blenheim* came into Hong-Kong 'in mourning,' having the body of her late captain, Sir Le Fleming Senhouse, on board. This officer, like Major Beecher, had been much exposed to the sun on the heights above Canton, with no better protection than his naval cap, and died from sunstroke—often by inexperienced men mistaken for apoplexy. Sir Le Fleming, though a good officer of the old school, had not been much, if at all, employed since the days of the great naval war, and carried into modern practice the notions of naval discipline which prevailed in the service as he knew it in days gone by, and was not, in consequence, popular with either officers or men. But he was a gallant old sailor, a gentleman, and as brave an officer as ever trod the 'peopled deck' of one of H.M. ships. He used to wear a tall white hat with a small red and white cockade, and when he landed with his men for service, used to say to them, 'You all know the old white hat—follow that.' And it was always well to the front.

Dr. Wallace, the accomplished surgeon of H.M.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

ship *Alligator*, also died on the Canton River. His remains were brought to Hong-Kong and buried there. He had long been in delicate health. I made his acquaintance when the *Alligator* was guardship at the back of the Great Chusan, where, as already related, I was for some months on board the armed transport *Mahomed Shah*. Wallace was a man of much culture, very retired in his habits, of gentle manners, and extremely well read. He was much respected by his shipmates. I prized his friendship, and mourned his death.

During our stay at Hong-Kong on this occasion, the fleet was exposed to the most tremendous thunder-storm it was ever my fortune to witness, in the course of which the *Rustomjee Cowasjee*, headquarter ship of the artillery, had a narrow escape of being blown up in the midst of the fleet. I was at this time serving with the C Company, on board the *Eagle* transport, belonging to Green and Co. After breakfast, I went on board the *Rustomjee* to spend part of the day with my brother-officers. The sky became overcast, and, ere many minutes, it became as dark as night; so much so that we were obliged to have the lamps lighted in the cuddy (or principal cabin.) There all the officers were assembled, some writing, drawing, or reading. Presently a peal or two of thunder of great intensity sounded very near to us, and rain fell in torrents—such rain as is only, as a rule, to be seen on the west coast of India at the outbreak of the monsoon. About midday there was a thunder-clap, which for loudness, intensity, and duration, none of us had ever heard equalled. Preceding but almost synchronous with it, there was a blinding flash of lightning, which lit up the whole heavens, while the ship quivered from stem to stern. We all knew that beneath our feet was the magazine, and in silence we

THE LIFE OF

looked at one another, expecting the next instant to be blown into space. No explosion followed; but our men from below, obeying an instinct of discipline, rushed on deck, and the sergeants began to call the roll. With one or two of the officers I went below to see if we could trace the course the electric fluid had taken. Below the cuddy was the large after-cabin, which was used as the brigade-major of artillery's office. I saw a little mirror belonging to one of the sergeants hanging up close to an iron knee forming part of the strengthening of the after-part of the ship. The frame of this mirror was made of pewter-gilt, and I noticed that a great part of it was melted.

On examination it proved that the lightning had struck the mizzen top-gallant-mast, down which it travelled in a spiral direction, gouging out a deep slot, as cleanly and evenly cut as if done by a machine. It then went down the mast, which passed through the after-part of the cuddy, through a chest containing the captain's table-linen, and so escaped by an open stern-port to the sea. Captain Gallie, captain of the transport, when the ship was struck, was in the act of coming out of the starboard after-cabin into the cuddy; he was felled to the deck, and we all thought killed, but after a few minutes was able to rise, and, beyond a severe shaking, was uninjured. Colonel Montgomerie, who was reclining on his couch in the port after-cabin, was uninjured, but a hairy cap lying at his feet was set on fire. I have had a good many narrow escapes from death in the course of my life, but was probably never so near the gates of another world as on this occasion.

During our stay in the harbour, Hong-Kong was visited by two cyclonic storms, called in China *typhoons*, of tremendous severity. It is hardly

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

possible for those who have not been exposed to phenomena of this kind to form an adequate notion of their extreme violence. The best account, probably, in any language, of a cyclone, is that to be found in Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling*. Sterling was in the year 1831 residing in the island of St. Vincent, in charge of a valuable family sugar estate there. In a letter to his mother he gives a description of a hurricane which devastated the island, which, better than anything I have ever met with in history or fiction, shows the awful havoc that air in motion can cause.

The two *typhoons*, to which I refer, followed one after the other, at an interval of fourteen days. It is a notable fact that the natives prophesied a second storm within the above date, and gave as a reason that the first was not a perfectly circular storm, although far exceeding the second in violence.

On both occasions I was exceptionally well placed in comparative safety on board the *Eagle* transport, a flush-decked ship, low in the water. For several days the air had been close and sultry, the thermometer never falling below 90° in the shade. On the night of the 20th the sky was much overcast, and had a troubled appearance, with a great deal of lightning, and the barometer fell rapidly. The Chinese confidently announced a coming hurricane. The *Eagle* cast off from another transport, alongside of which she had been lying for the shifting of stores, and brought up with two anchors on the windward side of the harbour. At midnight we had a few heavy squalls, the barometer still falling; at 4 A.M., 21st, a heavy and rapidly increasing gale was blowing, and by 8 A.M. the hurricane in full force was upon us. We were in almost complete darkness—a thick cloud was between us and the centre of the harbour, concealing everything from our

THE LIFE OF

view. Every now and again this would rend like a curtain, giving us a momentary glimpse of the fleet, and disclosing a scene of terrible destruction and confusion : some ships had their masts over the side, and, drifting about, were pounding into other vessels, causing them to drift in turn and run foul of others. Even within this land-locked harbour an astonishingly fierce sea was raging, and clouds of spray driven by the wind smote on our faces with all the fury of a hailstorm. We could hear the cries of the unfortunate Chinese boatmen, although we could not see their boats, as they were swept past us to destruction, having broken loose from their moorings. It was impossible to stand upright on the deck without being dashed against the sides of the ship. It was curious also to witness the terror of the dogs on board ; they trembled and howled with fear. By 11 A.M. the wind blew with a fury that beggars description, until 1 P.M., when it reached its height, and soon afterwards perceptibly abated ; towards evening it died away. One merchant ship in the harbour broke away from her moorings, could not be brought up again, and finally went on shore, with the loss of all hands. During the hurricane, rain fell in torrents, and if one attempted to face it, the drops hit and stung like small shot. As the Chinamen had foretold, we had a repetition of this tremendous visitation on the 25th, lasting from the evening of the 25th to 3 P.M. on the 26th, the gale beginning at N.E., veering round to S. and S.W. This time the fleet was better prepared, and much less damage was inflicted on the ships.

My friend Barrow, of the Madras Artillery, had gone on a cruise with Captain Giffard of H.M.S. *Cruiser*; they were caught in the China Sea in the first of the two hurricanes, and all but swallowed up. Barrow often described the extreme danger in which they

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

were in—the captain had nearly made up his mind to throw his guns overboard to save his ship, and would have done so had it not been a time of war. This Captain Giffard was the officer in command of H.M. ship *Tiger*, that, drifting on shore under the Russian batteries at Odessa during the war with Russia, was obliged to strike her flag.

Here, when on the subject of typhoons, I must not forget to chronicle the loss of the transport *Golconda*, with the headquarters of the 37th Madras Native Infantry, that went to the bottom in the China Sea with all hands, in the same hurricane that the *Cruiser* weathered, it is supposed not far from H.M. ship. The *Golconda* was a large, old, but very strong teak-built ship. The exact cause of her loss is only matter of conjecture: whether she sprang a leak, or capsized, or was simply engulfed by the tremendous seas then running, will only be known when the sea gives up her dead. I have often tried to imagine the last scene as she went down, with her unhappy living freight of Sepoys fast under hatches, and fancied I could hear the cry that rose 'from sea to sky' as the great ship went to her doom.

About this time I suddenly received an order to land and take charge of a detachment of the 37th Madras Native Infantry, quartered on Hong-Kong. Nothing could be more deplorable than the condition in which I found these troops. The hurricane above described had swept away the huts and hospital in which the men were quartered, and destroyed all their stores, medicines, and medical comforts. There were a hundred and twenty-five sick persons miserably housed, without one requisite for their existence. Worse than all, the officer in command was a listless, resourceless, obstinate man. I pointed out the necessity of energetic measures for the housing of the

THE LIFE OF

healthy and sick by the construction of the needful huts for this purpose, and urged an immediate application for assistance from the Engineer Department. Finding him deaf to my advice, I plainly told him that I must report the condition of affairs through the principal medical officer, Dr. French. He laughed at the notion of my ‘interfering’ with his ‘arrangements.’ I said it was because he made *no* ‘arrangements’ that I was obliged to ‘interfere.’ I accordingly sent in a full report, which in a couple of hours brought Sir Hugh Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, with Dr. French and the Adjutant-General. The officer in command had a bad quarter of an hour with the above officials, and he was ordered to set to work at once and carry out all my suggestions. This brings me to say something of Dr. French. To begin with, he was a man of a commanding presence, with a bright, open countenance. He was an old Peninsular officer, and a first-rate military surgeon, ‘posted up’ in the best surgery of his day. He came to China as surgeon of H.M. 49th Regiment. He was beloved and respected by officers and men, and was the friend and able adviser of every one in trouble. I have seen him come late to a mess-dinner on a guest night; yet no sooner was his pleasant face seen in the doorway, than there was a general rising, every one wishing to have French beside him. If he had been principal medical officer in the days of the first occupation of Chusan, the commander of the force would not have dared to set his wise and experienced counsel at defiance. When Sir Hugh arrived and took the command, French was at once made principal medical officer, and all went well. His advice was law; and Sir Hugh having implicit confidence in him, gave him *carte blanche* in all matters relating to the Department. I found him a

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

fast friend. I never applied to him in vain for help or counsel; and our friendship ended only with his life. We met again in Edinburgh, when I was at home in 1855, during the Crimean War. He had at that time, after service in Canada and as principal medical officer at Chatham, retired from the service. It was a matter of deep regret to all that he had not been selected as chief of the Medical Department in that ill-fated expedition. If this had been the case, many of the most fatal errors would not have been committed. French would not, for instance, have listened to the proposal to leave the whole of the ambulance, such as it was, behind in Bulgaria. The military chiefs seem to have forgotten, as French would not have done, that in war there are wounded as well as killed; that they have to be moved from the field of battle and cared for afterwards. At the battle of the Alma this, as one would think, familiar fact became too apparent, and the British Army was subjected to the humiliation of having to go, cap in hand, and solicit assistance from the French, before the wounded could be moved.

Curiously enough, when the University of Glasgow did me the honour to elect me an LL.D. (*honoris causa*), the member of the Senatus who had the arrangements of the ceremony, and presented those honoured with the degrees to Principal Caird, happened to be a near relative of Dr. French, who had died some years before. When he found I was an old friend of French's, he received and treated me with the utmost kindness; and when he announced my humble services, they lost nothing of such value as they possessed by passing through his mouth. I cannot part from the subject of my dear friend French without recording the fact that he was one of the best men I ever knew: upright, honourable, brave,

THE LIFE OF

a conscientious public servant, and a model army surgeon.

On the 9th of August, Admiral Sir William Parker arrived, and, pending the arrival of his flagship, the *Cornwallis*, hoisted his flag on the *Blenheim*, and was saluted by all the men-of-war in the harbour. At the same time Captain Elliot's successor, Sir Henry Pottinger, also arrived as Plenipotentiary, with his secretary, Major Malcolm.

No man ever had better intentions than Captain Elliot. He had, however, no experience in dealing with Orientals, more particularly with the astute 'politics' of China. He was constantly deceived by them; and in the belief that they were as honest as himself, and as desirous of 'peace with honour'—or without it—there can be no doubt that, in his anxiety to save bloodshed, he, by his vacillation, prolonged the war. Captain Elliot was, as I have already hinted, always ready to enter into negotiations, and even to give personal interviews to officials of comparatively low rank, whose engagements the Chinese Government could, and constantly did, repudiate. On the other hand, Sir Henry Pottinger, with his superior knowledge of Orientals and their ways, refused to hold any communication save with officials of the highest rank, whose credentials and powers were scrutinised with the utmost care before they were admitted to his presence.

I should here mention two men who served in this expedition, and in after years became my brothers-in-law—viz. Dr. Duncan Macpherson, of the Madras Army, who was in the wing of the 37th Madras Native Infantry that escaped destruction in the hurricane already mentioned, and his brother Ranald, then a subaltern of the Madras Artillery. The former was not long with the expedition; his health broke down, and he was obliged to return to India. It was to

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

relieve him that I was sent to take temporary charge of the wing of the 37th Regiment in Hong-Kong. His brother Ranald I seldom saw in the course of the service. He was in command of the gunners on board one of the armed steamships. Throughout almost his whole service he was employed at Singapore with the Artillery there, and also in the Public Works Department, where he did very important service. He was twice married, and had a large family by his first wife. He died at Singapore in 1869, shortly after obtaining the position of Deputy-Governor of the Settlement, a few days after his second marriage.

The elder brother, soon after his return to India, entered the service of H.H. the Nizam of the Deccan. He married ; had three sons and two daughters ; had the misfortune to lose his wife in 1864 ; returned home, and went to the Crimea as Chief of the Medical Staff of the Turkish Contingent, under the command of Sir Robert Vivian. On returning to India, he was promoted to the rank of Inspector General of Hospitals, over the heads of many senior-officers. After a brief furlough at home, Dr. Macpherson returned to India in very shattered health. He was appointed Sanitary Commissioner, and died in the arms of his second daughter with great suddenness —I believe, from aneurism of the aorta—during a night journey on his way to take up his appointment.

On the 19th August 1841 I received orders to join H.M. 18th Royal Irish Regiment. The surgeon of the regiment, Dr. M'Kinlay, was an old Peninsular officer ; an elderly man, of course, in bad health, and with failing eyesight. He found himself incapable of operative surgery. It was on this account that I was selected for this duty ; I remained with the 18th to the end of the war, and did all the field surgery. I

THE LIFE OF

may here mention the end of worthy old M'Kinlay. He remained with the regiment in China for more than a year after the Peace of Nankin. Retiring from the service, he took his passage in a homeward-bound ship, then anchored in Macao roads. He engaged a boat to take him on board from Hong-Kong, and carried with him a large bag of dollars to pay for his passage. This proved a fatal temptation to the Chinese boatmen, who murdered him: they cut off his head and threw his body overboard. Three years elapsed before those miscreants were brought to justice. How this was done I never heard; but they were in some way traced, caught, and hanged at Hong-Kong, three years after the murder.

I joined the 18th late on the night of the day I was appointed, and next day the expedition sailed for Amoy, where we arrived on the 25th. The following day the men-of-war bombarded the works on the Islands of Kolansoo and Amoy, keeping up a tremendous fire from 1 A.M. to 3.30 P.M., when the troops, consisting of the 18th, 49th, and 55th Regiments, landed, and quickly drove the enemy from all their works. Next day the city of Amoy was occupied without further resistance. A force was left to occupy Kolansoo, where they suffered terribly from sickness, malarial fever, and dysentery. I believe that more than half of them perished. The sanitary arrangements were bad, and something resembling the stupid mismanagement of Chusan was repeated. The supply of quinine soon ran short. Assistant-Surgeon Baker, in charge, made an urgent demand on the storekeeper at Hong-Kong for a fresh supply. With incredible stupidity that functionary refused to comply with the demand, on the ground that it was not made out in accordance with form so-and-so, page so-and-so, of the regulations.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

When this idiotic, and in the circumstances criminal, reply reached poor Baker, broken down in health and spirits by hard work night and day, it fairly crushed him : he turned his face to the wall and died.

The Solomon who was guilty of this stupendous act of folly was, I believe, a Eurasian belonging to the subordinate Medical Department either of Bengal or Madras.

In Froude's account of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, he tells us of the miserable effects of the 'economy' of Queen Elizabeth, not in the matter of medical, but warlike stores. The English ships in that supremely important engagement went into action with a *minimum* allowance of powder and shot ; and when urgent representations were made for more, the national existence being at stake, an objection, the same in kind as that mentioned above, was the reply sent to the captains whose ships were short of the needful ammunition. The above-mentioned Solomon had therefore a precedent in his favour !

On the 5th September the fleet sailed for Chusan, and on the 1st October the island was recaptured, after a creditable resistance on the part of the Chinese. On this occasion an officer of the 55th Regiment—who had just received his commission from the rank of sergeant-major—was killed, it being the first day he had done duty after receiving his commission. At the moment when I was disembarking with the 18th, which had been ordered to take the shore batteries in flank, a soldier of the 55th, who had been sent with a message to a part of the 55th Regiment in possession of the landing-place, brought word from the front of the death of this officer, whereupon an Irish soldier standing by, hearing the news, immediately executed a *pas seul*, exclaiming : ' By jahers, and I 've got his brandy-flask ! ' and instantly applying it to his mouth,

THE LIFE OF

took a long pull at it, in token that he considered it was his fair inheritance.

The officers on the personal staff of Sir Hugh Gough had always to remind their chief that he was no longer, as in the Peninsula, in command of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. His constant inclination was to be in the front of the most advanced party of the attacking column. At the recapture of Chusan he was as usual well to the front. The day was hot, and he gave his frock-coat to a sergeant of the 55th to carry. This man, not so well accustomed to the *ping* of bullets as they passed over his head, constantly ducked to their music. This was repeated so often that at last it attracted the contemptuous notice of his chief, who, turning to him, said in his purest brogue, ‘What are ye ducking in that way for? sure, they’re not firing at you!’ On the same occasion Colonel Mountain, the Adjutant-General, with great difficulty persuaded Sir Hugh to step a little aside out of the direct fire proceeding from some Tartar troops concealed in long grass in the immediate front. This was no sooner done than the gallant chief was struck by a spent ricochet bullet, which only bruised him a little. Turning sharply round to his Adjutant-General, the brave old gentleman exclaimed: ‘Sure now, ye might have left me where I was!’ and instantly resumed his old place in the midst of the skirmishers.

It has been my fortune to know many brave men, but never a man who was so absolutely fearless as Sir Hugh, afterwards Lord Gough. As the war went on, Colonel Mountain, who was always my kind friend, invariably named me to attend the Commander-in-Chief when anything was going on, and I affirm that he never was so happy as in a hot fire. I think I see him now: his brilliant eye flaming with excitement, his handsome features lit up with the

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

light of battle, his forage-cap held aloft on his walking-stick, his beautiful white hair, like a 'meteor flag,' streaming behind him, and his old Peninsular war-cry ringing clear to the Irish soldiers of the 18th: 'Now, boys, Garryowen!' responded to on the instant with the cry I so often heard: 'Ah, now, bhoys, hear to the Ginaler!' My readers, if I ever have any, will say, '*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*' In other words, he never could be made to remember that he was not commanding a battalion. I have just said that I have seen many brave men, but I say also that courage like this, common to a Hugh Gough and a Marshal Ney, is by no means so general a gift as the world is apt to suppose. Hundreds of men do their duty, some conspicuously well; but Nelsons, Goughs, Neys, and, let me add, Neville Chamberlains, are not as plentiful as blackberries. I have had occasion to recall to mind the saying of Wellington in a letter to the mother of the fighting Napiers, after praising her gallant sons: 'Believe me, dear madam, every man with a red coat on his back is not a hero.' Yes; I have been an eyewitness to weakness in battle. Yes, I say again, I have seen a man, with the ribbon of the Bath at his button-hole, behave like a washer-woman.

The resistance made at the second capture of Chusan was very creditable to the Chinese. On the 10th of September, Chinhai was attacked and captured. At the mouth of the river, where it debouches into the sea, there was a fort on a height on the left proper bank, commanding the entrance to the river, which, flowing past Ning-Po, here enters the sea. For a Chinese work it was of respectable strength. The men-of-war and heavy armed steamers engaged this fort and some batteries on the opposite side of the river. The troops were disembarked below

THE LIFE OF

the batteries on the right proper bank, and, after marching inland for some miles, wheeled round again, taking the river defences in rear. After a smart action, resulting in the defeat of the troops covering the land side of the works, the batteries were carried without difficulty. The works on both sides of the river had a number of crosses X along their front. These, we supposed, were so placed under the impression that the 'barbarians' would not fire on the emblem of their faith.

After the action was over, Dr. French went with me into the town of Chinhai under the fort already mentioned. We found a number of wounded men and women and many dead. The shot and shells from the men-of-war that passed over the fort fell into the town, killing and wounding many unfortunate non-combatants. In one house, evidently the property of a well-to-do family, we saw a sad sight. The whole family, when the bombardment began, had taken 'shelter' in a huge four-poster bed, deeming it a place of safety. A sixty-pound shot entered the corner of the room, passed diagonally through the bed, killing six men and women; one only was alive, a young and handsome girl of about sixteen or seventeen years of age. One of her legs was so smashed that I had to amputate it above the knee. I fear the poor girl at first thought this was done to torture her. When we moved up the river to Ning-Po, I handed her over to a naval surgeon, who took every care of her, and she recovered. But life after the slaughter, I suppose, of every member of her family in that blood-stained bed, could have had but few attractions. Such is war! Its miseries are not, alas! confined to combatants, but fall with terrible severity on the hapless people whose ill-fortune it is to lie in its path, and who, for the most part, are

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

ignorant of the cause of quarrel that has brought invaders into their midst.

On the 13th of September the city of Ning-Po was entered without resistance. Here the expedition wintered. In December, snow fell in great abundance, and lay thick on the ground for many weeks. We passed the winter pleasantly enough. The troops were housed in some of the large joss-houses, temples —vulgarly so-called—where they were fairly comfortable and well fed, supplies being abundant. I spent much of my time shooting. Game was tolerably abundant, particularly pheasants and woodcock, and wild-fowl in enormous numbers. Every variety of wild duck known to naturalists was to be found in the creeks, and along the banks of the Ning-Po River. I had two officers for my constant companions in my shooting excursions—viz. Colonel Tomlinson, commanding the 18th Royal Irish, and Lieutenant Murray, a son of Lord Cringletie, at that time one of the judges of the Court of Session. Both were keen sportsmen, and very delightful companions. Poor Tomlinson was killed at the battle of Chapu, as falls to be related in this history. When the expeditionary force was broken up at the end of the war, I parted from Murray never to meet him again. He returned to his old regiment—the 87th Royal Irish Regiment—which he lived to command, dying at Southsea of a painful ailment some years after I came to Southampton. He was a singularly handsome man in the days when we were companions, a brave officer, and a good comrade. Tomlinson was a singularly lovable man, brave as a lion, but withal of a tender heart. He hated to see what was a common sight in those days, a man punished at the triangles. I well remember his expressing his grateful thanks to me when, in the case of a man fainting under the ‘cat,’

THE LIFE OF

the punishment was stopped by his order at a glance from me. In this particular he was a great contrast to his predecessor in the command, who was one of the sternest men I ever knew, though with a highly polished manner. The officer to whom I refer left the Royal Irish before the end of the war, exchanging with an officer of the 49th Regiment, and died of his wounds in the Crimea when serving with that regiment. In the course of the winter some expeditions were made to break up collections of troops at various points within threatening distance of headquarters. On all these occasions I accompanied the Commander-in-Chief, and in this way saw a good deal of the surrounding country.

On the 10th of March the enemy, who were known throughout the winter to have been making great preparations, made their attack on Ning-Po. In the course of the night a number of blazing rafts and crafts of various kinds, fitted as fire-ships, were sent down the river to destroy the men-of-war. They were, however, prepared; anchored head to stream they were all fitted with outriggers, and had boats in readiness with grappling-irons to carry off the blazing rafts that might get foul of them. Some of these were sunk by the guns of the fleet, others passed harmlessly down the stream, and the rest were towed away clear of the shipping. It was a fine sight: the blazing crafts and rafts made a grand illumination, and the guns of the fleet added to the spectacle. This was not all. Towards morning the north and west gates of the city were attacked by large bodies of troops. The services of a warlike tribe named, as we afterwards heard, the Maoutsee, from a mountainous district of that name, or something like it, were brought into play. They justified by their fearless behaviour their reputation for gallantry.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

And here I have to record an example of want of nerve, or military judgment, to call it by no harsher name. Towards morning I was in conversation with Colonel Montgomerie of the Madras Artillery in a large open space constituting a *place d'armes*, where the whole of the garrison were under arms with the exception of the guards at the various gates. To our intense surprise, the whole of the guard of the north gate marched into this square, the officer in command at their head. Seeing a senior officer in the person of Colonel Montgomerie, C.B., he came up and reported that he had retired from the north gate, which was in the occupation of the enemy. I shall never forget the tone of the colonel's voice as, with something more than surprise, he asked this gentleman, 'How many of your guard were killed?' Answer—'None!' 'How many wounded?' Answer—'None!' 'Do you mean to tell me, then, that you abandoned your post and allowed the enemy to enter the city?' No answer. 'Go, sir,' said Colonel Montgomerie, 'and report yourself and your conduct to the Adjutant-General'—taking, of course, steps on the instant to convey the needful information to the proper quarter. This man—this officer—had in his guard some of the most splendid fighting men of a well-known fighting regiment, the 49th, who were at little pains to conceal their disgust at the part military discipline compelled them to play in this disgraceful scene. Not a moment too soon, some companies of the 49th Regiment, under the command of a gallant officer, Captain M'Andrew, hurried down towards the north gate, meeting a large body of the Maoutsee, with their long knives in their hands, within a short distance of the chief military hospital of the garrison. In a few minutes the helpless inmates would have had their throats cut by those merciless mountaineers.

THE LIFE OF

The leading men had their lanthorns burning, to the great advantage of the 49th, who shot them down so rapidly that very few of them were able to escape by the gate through which, as they imagined, they had entered in triumph a few minutes before. How it came about that the unhappy officer who was the author of this pitiful *fiasco* was allowed to remain in the army, I never heard. He had to leave his regiment; and, years afterwards, I encountered him in India attached to another regiment. I did not betray him, but met him as if I had never seen his face before. The Duke of Wellington never exposed an officer guilty of weakness before the enemy; he always treated it as a defect for which the man was not responsible, and allowed him quickly to retire from a profession for which Nature never intended him.

Far different was the reception given on that night to the enemy at the west gate of the city. The officer on guard was a mere lad, Armstrong by name, who had lately joined the 18th Royal Irish. He had a splendid set of fellows under him, who would have died to the last man rather than abandon the post. A very large body of the warlike Maoutsee, already named, with more gallantry than military skill attempted to force an entry, but were again and again repulsed with heavy loss. As day broke, the post was reinforced, and a sally was made. I accompanied Colonel Montgomerie and Captain Moore, with two nine-pounder guns and two companies of the 49th Regiment. As we passed out of the gate we found ourselves in front of an enormous mass of men, so wedged into the narrow street, and so pressed on from the rear that, with our men in front, they could neither advance nor retreat. A terrible fire was opened upon them in their very faces, while some got

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

on their right flank from a side street. In a few minutes such a mass of dead was piled up as to make an impenetrable barrier to further advance. I can hardly suppose that such a pile of bodies was ever seen in so confined a spot. The whole column melted away. When those in the rear became aware of what was passing at the front, they broke away, and before our men could extricate themselves from the slaughtered heap, the enemy were beyond the reach of any useful pursuit. The dead were quickly removed in native craft to the canal close to the scene of action, and I was an eyewitness to the fact that a living horse was extricated, and, to the astonishment of our men, stood up and shook himself. Though covered with blood, he was found to be unhurt. Not a hair of him had been visible until the ghastly mass of the killed under whom he was buried had been removed. The animal was not a large horse, and it was supposed he had been the 'charger' of the officer in command of the attacking party.

Not long after this, I was ordered to Chinhai, at the mouth of the river, with some companies of the Royal Irish, to reinforce that important post. There I was present at the trial of a soldier—I think, belonging to the 55th Regiment—by court-martial, who was tried for the murder of a man under curious circumstances. He considered that he had been harshly treated by a non-commissioned officer, and determined to have his revenge. When the regiment was assembled on parade outside the temple in which it was quartered, he absented himself on the plea of being ill, lay down on his cot, and with his greatcoat covered his musket beside him. In this position he waited. When the parade was over, the men streamed in, but the intended victim did not appear. Certain that, if he remained there, he would be

THE LIFE OF

detected, reported, and punished for having his musket loaded, he determined to count twelve, and to shoot the first man who entered after he had slowly counted that number. He had no sooner done this than a soldier entered, a man with whom he had no quarrel. He shot him dead. I heard him, with great penitence, and in the most solemn way, make this confession—anxious, he said, to make all the reparation in his power for his dreadful crime, and, as he added, ‘to save you gentlemen the trouble of a long trial.’ After such a confession, there could be but one sentence. At his execution he behaved in a most becoming way, and, with the avowed intention of making an impression on all young soldiers present, marched to the gallows wrapped up in his winding-sheet. My friend Graves, Adjutant of the Royal Irish, told me this curious fact: there was great difficulty in getting some one to tie the ‘hangman’s knot.’ On the night before the execution, a soldier, a comrade of the prisoner, came to Graves’ quarters, awoke him, and offered, under a solemn promise of secrecy, to make the noose—as he said, to spare his friend the pain of a clumsy execution. This he did, leaving the rope on the table, and retired to his quarters.

On the 7th of May military operations were resumed. I embarked on the transport *Sophia* in medical charge of the headquarters 18th Royal Irish Regiment. On the 17th, the fleet and transports assembled at Chapu, and on the following day the force landed at a sandy bay to the left of the enemy’s position. At 9 A.M. the men-of-war opened fire, and soon silenced the batteries opposed to our landing, after which the troops advanced, driving the enemy before them on every side. A body of Tartars had taken possession of a large building surrounded by a high wall. The entrance to this building was by

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

several narrow doors leading into passages which opened into a courtyard. Immediately in front, and commanding the passages, was a gallery before which large mats were suspended; behind these mats were concealed a large number of men, who, from this position, kept up a heavy fire down the passages. The 18th and 49th made many efforts to enter them; in so doing, they lost thirty men killed and wounded — Colonel Tomlinson of the 18th among the former. This young and gallant officer called to his men to follow him, and rushed into one of the passages. The attacking party was met by a storm of bullets, and most of them were either killed or wounded. Tomlinson was extricated from the passage, but died in a few minutes from a wound in his throat. On the previous night a curious thing happened. Some of the young officers of the regiment were playing cards in the cuddy. Tomlinson came out of his cabin and joined me as I passed out on the quarter-deck. At this moment some of the young men were talking about the engagement in prospect for the following day, and, after the manner of thoughtless youth, joking on the subject of possible ‘steps.’ Tomlinson, who was a great reader and quoter of Shakespeare, turned to me, and said, ‘Do you hear those fellows?’ ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘I do; they are talking lightly on a serious matter.’ Immediately, in a very serious and solemn voice, the Colonel said, ‘Yes: “Here we sleep to-night, but where to-morrow?”’

Long before that hour on the following day, I brought his body off, ‘fresh and gory,’ from the scene of conflict, and on the spot where he uttered the words I have quoted, he lay ‘like a warrior taking his rest,’ wrapped in the folds of the Union Jack. He was buried in deep water, with military honours, on the 20th of May.

THE LIFE OF

Colonel Tomlinson at the time of his death was the youngest lieutenant-colonel in the army. He was, without exception, one of the most amiable and kind-hearted men I ever knew. It is half a century since he died a soldier's death, but his memory is as fresh to me as if he had died yesterday. He honoured me with his friendship, which I warmly reciprocated.¹

Among the wounded on this occasion was Colonel Mountain, Adjutant-General of the force. He happened to come up to the front of the building at the very moment when poor Tomlinson was struck down. He drew his sword, and, followed by some men of the 18th and 49th, rushed into the fatal passage, at the very moment when the survivors of Tomlinson's party were driven out, carrying with them their dying Colonel. Colonel Mountain and his followers were forced out by the retreating crowd. Just as he was emerging, he was struck in the back by two bullets, which I extracted.

Colonel Mountain was a son of the Bishop of Montreal. He was an able and gallant officer, heavily handicapped, however, by great deafness. In after years, when I was attached to the Residency of Hyderabad in the Deccan, Mountain came out to India as military secretary to Lord Dalhousie, Governor-General. He had not been many days in India before he found out where I was, and wrote a warm letter to me, offering to use his kind offices to

¹ In after years I was fortunate enough to obtain a copy of a lithographed portrait of this gallant officer. It hangs in my study, the handsome face calmly regarding me as I write this poor notice of his honourable death. It bears the following touching tribute to his memory:—‘The Lieut.-General commanding cannot deny himself the melancholy gratification of recording the deep regret he has experienced at the loss of one of our brightest ornaments, Lieut.-Colonel Tomlinson, 18th Royal Irish, who fell at the head of his corps, nobly doing his duty.’—(Extract from General Orders.)

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

advance my interests. I replied that I was then in a position that more than satisfied me; at the same time expressing my gratitude for his kind remembrance of me and of the professional aid I had it in my power to give him. This gallant officer's Indian career was brief; he was cut down by typhoid fever, so far as I remember, in little more than a year after his arrival in the country. Colonel Mountain rose in the 26th Cameronians, a regiment he commanded for some time before coming to India.

On the 23rd I was ordered to embark the wounded officers and men on board the *Tenasserim* steamer for Chusan, the base of the expedition. I was directed to wait on the Admiral, Sir William Parker, on the flag-ship, and was very courteously received by that distinguished officer, who gave me my orders, directing me to report myself to Captain Chadds, the senior officer at Chusan, who would give me the means of disembarking the wounded. We sailed for Chusan that night with a huge timber-laden junk in tow, which the Admiral directed the captain of the *Tenasserim* to take to Chusan. On the following day we had to anchor on the coast, the tide running against us with the swiftness of a mill-race. We had an anxious night; it was as much as the ship could do, with a heavy anchor down, and a large scope of cable, and the engine going, to hold her own. The heavy junk astern, under the influence of the tide, was surging and swaying about, increasing the strain on our cable, and every two or three minutes charging the *Tenasserim* on her counter like a battering-ram. As the night went on, these thuds became so frequent as to alarm the captain for the safety of his ship. So after asking me if I would give him a certificate to the effect that he did it in the interest of the wounded, he cut the junk adrift; instantly she

THE LIFE OF

went broadside on to the tide, and capsized. For this the captain fell under the displeasure of Sir William Parker, who severely reprimanded him—I must say, I think, without duly appreciating the facts.

On arrival at Chusan, I reported myself to Captain Chadds on board the *Cambrian*. I was received at the gangway by William Peel, then a sub-lieutenant on board the above thirty-gun frigate, afterwards so well known as Captain Peel of the *Shannon*, who died of small-pox when serving on shore during the Sepoy Mutiny. Mr. Peel conducted me into the presence of his captain. I reported myself according to my orders. For some reason the captain was in a bad humour, and gave me a very haughty reception, point-blank refusing to give me any assistance in landing my wounded men. I quietly said, in reply, that in reporting myself to him I had obeyed the Admiral's orders; but since he could not give me the required assistance, I must do the best I could with the means at my disposal, made my bow, and left his cabin. I had no sooner left his presence than Captain Chadds thought better of it; his boats followed the *Tenasserim* into the harbour, and his officers and men gave me every assistance. On my regaining the fleet I reported myself to the Admiral, and was asked to breakfast with him. I duly reported the assistance given me by Captain Chadds, without referring to the rather unusual reception and refusal given to me by that officer. The story went that he was vexed at being left as senior officer at Chusan, instead of being with the fleet on active service—not a good excuse for his uncalled-for rudeness to a young medical officer who went to him on duty, in obedience to orders by this officer's superior.

On the 29th of May I left Chusan and rejoined the fleet at anchor at Rugged Islands. I was ordered to

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

embark on the *Ernaud* transport, headquarters of the Royal Irish. On the 15th of June we sailed for the Yang-tse-kiang River, entering it on the 7th and anchoring in sight of the long line of works defending Woosung. This magnificent river at its embouchure is at least ten miles in breadth.

The 14th and 15th of June were spent in making the requisite observations of the enemy's position. On the 16th the men-of-war weighed at daylight, and, cleared for action, stood in to engage the long line of works erected by the Chinese for the defence of the place. It was a beautiful sight, and our men cheered their naval comrades, receiving a vigorous reply from the seamen in return. The *Blonde* frigate led the way, followed by the *Cornwallis*, with the flag of Admiral Parker. The bombardment was very heavy, and lasted for about an hour, when the marines and blue-jackets of the fleet landed and cleared the batteries. One of our young officers of the 18th had a brother, a lieutenant of marines, on board the *Blonde*. The captain, as the ship passed along the line of works to take up her position, ordered all hands to lie down. Young Hewett, curious to see what was going on, raised his head above the bulwarks and was instantly killed by a round shot, which, if he had obeyed orders, would have passed harmlessly on its way. He was buried that evening on the rampart of the battery from which the fatal shot was fired.

All opposition was over when the troops landed. Our men slept that night in the temporary huts erected for the troops that defended the place.

On the 19th we marched on Shanghai, which we entered without opposition. The city has since become, under the Treaty of Nankin, the most important seat of British trade with China. We remained there until the 23rd, when we marched

THE LIFE OF

back to Woosung. We arrived at the place of embarkation at noon, and by some mismanagement were kept in the sun all day. One of the boats was 'towed under' by a steamer, and a trooper of the Horse Artillery and six native followers were drowned.

On the 6th of July, all the troops having reembarked, we began the difficult task of working our way up stream, arriving off the city of Chin-kiang-foo on the 20th.

On the 21st the troops landed for the capture of this city, the last military operation of the war. Men killed in battle have sometimes previously a strong presentiment of their coming fate. We had a striking example of this on the present occasion. The officer in command of the Light Company, Captain Collinson, was one of the most popular officers in the regiment. A few days before, he had received the sad news of his last surviving brother's death, killed in action in Afghanistan. As we were in the small steamer landing to take part in the action, I found Collinson sitting on the windlass in a state of profound depression, his face buried in his hands, evidently labouring under a strong conviction of the nearness of death. I knew Collinson to be a brave man; I knew also that two of his brothers had died in battle; and it was evident that he was, as it were, under the shadow of death. I endeavoured to cheer him, and by the time we landed the cloud had cleared off. The 18th on this occasion was brigaded with the 49th Regiment, one of the finest fighting regiments in the service, the men in the prime of life, well bronzed and inured to tropical service. Men like those composing the two regiments thus brought together are not to be seen in the British Army of the present day; they were men, one and all, really ready 'to go anywhere, and do anything.' The western gate of

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

the city was blown open by Captain, afterwards Sir Thomas Pears, K.C.B., and Lieutenant Rundle, both of the Madras Engineers, and the 18th and 49th rushed in and mounted the ramparts, which we were ordered to clear. Both regiments marched at a rapid pace, driving the enemy before them, and under fire from the houses on the inside below the level of the ramparts. It was while so engaged that poor Collinson met the fate he had in the morning felt was impending: a musket-ball struck the point of his left shoulder, and, taking a downward direction, entered his heart; he gave a loud cry, and fell dead at my side. In a few minutes I was called to the assistance of Lieutenant Bernard, reported wounded. I found him on the ground sick and faint. I had him carried from the spot where he fell, and where our men, facing inwards, were firing briskly on the windows of the houses, from whence the enemy were keeping up a hot fusillade. Having supported him against the parapet of the rampart, I was on my knees in the act of opening his jacket, when a heavy gingall-ball struck the brick immediately above our heads, covering us with the *débris* of the smashed brick. Bernard opened his eyes, and said in a faint voice, 'By Jove, Maclean! that was a close shave!' It certainly was. Bernard's wound proved to be merely a severe bruise from a spent ball. I had hardly done with him, when a staff-officer, Captain Sherriff, arrived with an order from Sir Hugh Gough for me to return to the point from whence we started. It appeared that a detachment of the 18th, left in a building on the rampart near the gate, had been attacked, and before the attack was repulsed several men had been killed, and others severely wounded—mostly sword wounds, for it had been a close hand-to-hand fight, sword against bayonet. Sherriff had a warm walk of it coming and

THE LIFE OF

going on his errand, fired at all the way, as I was myself when, after finishing my work with the column, in obedience to orders I made my way back to the post where we left our men. On entering the building, the poor wounded fellows, many of whom had bled freely, and who of course knew me, gave a cheer, calling out, ‘Thank God, here’s the Doctor!’ The body of poor Collinson was brought back to the post by Captain Wigston and a funeral party; and after dark, in the silence of the night, a grave was dug, in which, ‘with his martial cloak around him,’ we buried our gallant comrade. In that nameless grave he sleeps well, having, like his brothers, given his life in his country’s cause. Over the spot we lit a fire to hide the recent disturbance of the soil, and prevent the possible violation of the grave and dis-honour to its inmate. ‘Few and short were the prayers we said,’ but we took off our caps, and with sadness in our hearts silently bade ‘dear old Col.’ farewell, and returned to our duty.

My old regiment, the 55th, had on this occasion an opportunity of distinguishing itself. Up to this time the only name blazoned on its colours was ‘Namur.’ The 55th was told off to escalade the wall on the east side. The escalading party was led by Captain C——, the gallant Irish officer who, as already related, was considered a high authority in the regiment on two subjects, the Army List and the Peerage. I have also, in an earlier page of this *Life*, alluded to the fact that he was regarded by his brother-officers as a past master in the code of ‘honour.’ His life terminated in the Crimea; whether, however, he was killed in action, or died from a wound, I never heard.

The 98th Regiment joined the expedition the day before the capture of Chin-kiang-foo, under the

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

command of Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. This was this gallant officer's first experience of anything like tropical war, in which, in years to come, he was to play a distinguished part. His want of experience proved disastrous to his men. He ordered his regiment to land in 'heavy marching order,' with their coats buttoned up to their throats over the old leather stock, or 'dog-collar,' which up to that time, and for many a year after, was a part of the British infantry uniform to which old officers clung with a devotion worthy of a better cause, under the impression that, if abolished, 'the service would go to the devil.' This was evidently Colonel Campbell's opinion also; for not only did he order stocks to be worn, but also that the men should carry their knapsacks with full kit. It was explained to him that men so loaded and so dressed could neither march nor fight. He was inexorable. The regiment landed, and was ordered to carry a somewhat steep hill that dominated part of the city wall. Long before they reached the summit fifteen men fell on their faces, gave a few gasps, and died from sunstroke; and all night long unfortunate men were being brought into hospital from the same deadly affection in various stages. The 18th and 49th Regiments fought on that day, about the hottest to which I was ever exposed, without collars or knapsacks, and with open jackets, and not a man fell out.

The 98th were at this time new to war service; they were bivouacking just below the walls inside which the 18th and 49th Regiments spent the night. A bright moon was shining out of a clear sky. I remember the amusement afforded to our experienced men by the incessant 'alarms' kept up by the men of the 98th, who all night long were blazing away at nothing; our veterans leaning over the parapet in fits of laughter, and crying one to the other, 'Bedad,

THE LIFE OF

there they go again ! but where's the inimy ?' Young soldiers new to war are always a little too alert in this way,¹ until their nerves get hardened a little. War-bred Sir Colin must have been a little amused as well as annoyed by the over-zeal of his raw recruits. It is fifty years since Chin-kiang-foo was captured, yet I vividly remember the extreme beauty of its situation : on the right proper bank of the great river pursuing its mighty course to the ocean, divided for a brief space by Golden Island, crowned by its picturesque pagoda and temple, which, with other officers, I visited before the expedition pursued its way to Nankin. Our Engineers, by a mine, made a huge breach in the river face of the city wall, and so concluded the last military operation of the so-called 'Opium War.'

Before the expedition re-embarked, cholera broke out in the ranks of the 49th and 98th Regiments, and the latter embarked weaker than when it landed.

On the 4th of August we sailed for Nankin, and on arrival anchored under the walls of that famous city. It was a strange sight, even to us, to see there a fleet of British men-of-war and transports filled with troops ; what must it have been to the inhabitants ? White flags were seen flying from all parts of the walls, a sign that submission was not far off. Now that war was being carried into the heart of this proud Empire, negotiations began at once, and a treaty of peace was finally signed on board H.M. ship *Cornwallis*, on the 29th of August. On the 26th Sir Henry Pottinger, the Plenipotentiary, paid a visit to the high authorities who were authorised to sign the treaty. The 18th furnished the guard of honour and band on this occasion. It was in return-

¹ A German general, seeing a regiment new to war expending their ammunition in this way, quietly remarked to Archibald Forbes, 'They will do better when they have been a little shoted !'

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

ing to the headquarter ship, that I, in common with this party, had a very narrow escape. At the point where we were, the stream of the river flows with great rapidity, with a strong under-current. It was a well-known fact that few, if any, men who had the misfortune to fall into the stream were rescued—they were at once carried under and seen no more. I heard the captain of the flagship say, that he never sent a boat away without feeling that the men in it were on a service of danger. In the crowded state of the stream, a boat, unless cleverly managed, was apt to be carried athwart-hawse of one of the ships, in which case there was a risk of its being crushed by the stem of the ship or her cable, or capsized.

On the occasion to which I refer we were embarked in the barge of the *Cornwallis*, a large, broad-beamed and strong boat. The sub-lieutenant who steered was a young officer of the *Cornwallis*. The barge in mid-stream was caught by the strong current, and in a moment we were under the bows of H.M. transport *Rattlesnake*. The commander of the ship was on the forecastle watching the barge and its heavy freight. When he saw the dangerous position in which we were, I saw him literally tearing his hair as he shouted his orders. Fortunately for us, our men, old and disciplined soldiers, obeyed the order to sit still, and we drifted alongside, and the danger was over. I well remember the thought flashing through my brain that it was a good thing on such an occasion to be a drummer, particularly one charged with the big drum, who would have floated triumphantly with the aid of his noisy instrument. I always look back on this little episode as one of not a few of the narrow escapes from death that I have had in the course of my life.

As I have said, the treaty of peace was signed, on

THE LIFE OF

the 29th August 1842, on board the *Cornwallis*. I have an engraving of a picture of this notable event, by an officer of the Bengal Army. Some of the likenesses of those who were present are good, others not so good; the original drawings having been lost, the artist had to paint them from memory. On the 31st a steamship sailed for Calcutta with the news.

On the 3rd of September I visited the famous pagoda of Nankin, with a party of officers; it was said to be the largest in China, and was known as the Porcelain Tower. It has since been destroyed, I believe during the Taeping rebellion.

And so the 'Opium War' came at last to a close.

On the 17th September we sailed for Chusan, arriving at that island on the 2nd October 1842. On the 31st I was under orders to join the C troop, Madras Horse Artillery, on board the transport *City of London*; and on the 1st of November I took final leave of my gallant friends of the 18th Royal Irish. As I left the ship, the men mounted the rigging and gave me three such hearty cheers as to cause some stir in the fleet, the troops on the various transports, and the seamen of the men-of-war, crowding on deck to know the reason why. More than fifty years afterwards, meeting my old and valued friend, Dr. Alexander Grant of the Bengal Army, then with H.M. 55th Regiment, he reminded me of this gratifying mark of appreciation from my old comrades, telling me how it pleased my friends in various branches of the expedition, and in a very particular way my old companions of the 55th Regiment.

On the 17th November we sailed for Hong-Kong with other transports under the convoy of H.M. ship *Endymion*. After a rough and boisterous passage, we arrived there on the 1st of December. When I

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

left Hong-Kong for the north, it was without a single building beyond a few miserable huts. Now, a city had arisen, like an exhalation from the ground. The steep hill had to be scarped away to a great extent for building purposes, thus exposing the soil, consisting of rotten granite, much charged with moisture and fungi, to the action of the air. The result was an immense escape of malaria, followed by severe malarial fever of a remittent type, and great mortality.

After a stay of five days we sailed for Singapore, which place we reached on the 15th. There we were detained waiting for the fleet, which did not arrive until the 31st. I spent my time very pleasantly with old friends, from whom I received the kindest hospitality. On the 2nd of January 1843 we sailed for Madras, arriving there on the 14th, and disembarked on the following day. The expedition to China was thus brought to a fortunate and happy end.

I record this fifty-two years after the event, and note the melancholy fact that General Frederick Cotton, Royal (late Madras) Engineers, and myself, are the only survivors of those who embarked for China from Madras on the 13th April 1840.

CHAPTER VII

RETURN TO INDIA—LIFE AT HYDERABAD

IT was a real pleasure to receive once more a warm welcome from my dear cousin, Mrs. Robertson, and her kind husband, whose house and hospitality I so often shared. As I write this, I recall sadly that both have now, many years since, entered another world. Mr. Robertson was a man of considerable ability, and was a high authority on all questions relating to Revenue. He was, moreover, the best Tamil scholar of his day. Of his dear wife, even at this date, I can hardly trust myself to write. She was, almost without exception, the most gentle, sweet, and affectionate woman it was ever my fortune to know. By her own family she was adored. A large share of affliction in the shape of bereavement fell to her lot. Her eldest son, a fine, handsome, manly young soldier, was murdered in the Sepoy Mutiny. Another son, Norman, an amiable young officer of the Madras Army, died young, shortly after a happy marriage, leaving an infant son. Colonel Elliott Robertson, who lived to command one of the European regiments of the Madras Army, after it became one of the regiments of the line, died at Homburg from the secondary effects of a fall from his horse, while quartered in the Isle of Wight.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

A handsome entertainment was given to the officers of the expedition by the then Governor and Commander-in-Chief, the Marquis of Tweeddale, in the banqueting-hall of Madras. The Marquis, accustomed to preside at great agricultural dinners at home, knew well how to regulate entertainments of this kind, and I have seldom, if ever, seen a great dinner 'go' with more success. A public ball was also given by the society of Madras in the same hall, which was a very brilliant affair.

Ranald Macpherson, of the Madras Artillery, afterwards the Hon. Colonel Macpherson, Deputy-Governor of the Straits Settlements, and long quartered at Singapore, who in after years was to become my brother-in-law, had been my fellow-passenger on board the *City of London*. He had joined the expedition, and was, during the short time he was with it, gunnery officer on board one of the armed steamers. We became at this time, both of us, guests of Brigadier Kitchen, of the Madras Artillery, commanding the Artillery at the headquarters of that corps, St. Thomas' Mount. This old officer was a very amiable and kind-hearted man, and a leader of religious society in and about Madras. As a cadet he had been captured by a French man-of-war, and for a great many years was detained a prisoner at the Isle of France, until that island was taken by the British. This worthy man was a typical specimen of an Indian evangelical officer, of whom there were many in my time. Sooth to say, they did not, as a class, make religion very attractive—they lived as much apart from the 'world' as possible, and looked askance at all who did not belong to their sect. They were one and all intensely Protestant, regarding the smallest approach to æsthetic worship as the high road to Rome. In the days of which I write, 'Ritualism' had

THE LIFE OF

no footing in India ; but even so, the smallest attempt to brighten church service was sternly frowned down. Chanting the psalms, a practice now common in every dissenting chapel, was thought ‘a dangerous innovation,’ and the clergyman who allowed it was regarded as little better than a ‘varnished priest of Rome.’ I well remember an officer, a countryman of mine, a staff-officer, who, although far from being one of the ‘saints’ so called, whispering in my ear as we left a service where the psalms had been chanted : ‘I say, Wullie, I dinna like that chantin’.’ To this sect, the strictest of the strict, belonged our worthy host, the Brigadier.

We were not on duty at the ‘Mount,’ but when we showed any desire to spend the day with our friends in Madras, he did all he could to prevent us; sometimes, in his capacity of Brigadier, refusing leave of absence, although we were mere idlers where we were, for fear we should fall into ‘worldly’ society, and be enticed to attend a dance, or some such ‘worldly’ amusement. When we did contrive to escape, the dear old fellow would not go to his bed until we were safe under his wing. In vain we tried in the small hours of the morning to sneak quietly to our rooms, the wakeful Brigadier was too much for us. He pounced on us, and invited us into the dining-room ‘for a word of prayer.’ Having a ‘gift’ in this direction, he did not fail to exercise it, and accordingly he prayed long—oh, how long!—not only *for* us, but *at* us, allowing us at last to go to our much-desired beds, duly chastened for our frivolity. Dear old man ! He has long since gone the way of all the earth to the Master he served, according to his light, with all his heart and mind.

Released from St. Thomas’ Mount, and the do-nothing life there, I went to Madras, where, as ever,

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

I was hospitably received by the Robertsons. I met with much civility from Colonel Alexander, the Adjutant-General, who evinced a kind desire to serve me. I was shortly afterwards posted to the 1st Madras Fusiliers—now the 102nd Regiment of the Line, according to the new nomenclature, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers—under the command of Colonel, afterwards Sir Robert Vivian, K.C.B. I joined the regiment two marches on the Madras side of Arcot, on the 3rd of April. The whole of the officers were strangers to me, but I was very kindly received by Colonel Vivian. At Arcot the regiment was divided into two wings, the headquarter wing going to Arnee, the other remaining at Arcot. I was accordingly placed in medical charge of the Arcot wing. I took possession of the house engaged for me, an ‘upstair’ bungalow, said to have been once occupied by the Duke of Wellington, although I am not aware that the great soldier ever was at Arcot.

I cannot tell why, or give any good reason for it to-day, but I recollect that for some time after my arrival at Arcot I became a prey to great, and with me very unusual, depression of spirits. Perhaps it was only the transition from the more active and eventful life on service, to the monotonous existence in cantonment. I soon had occasion to notice a certain laxity of discipline in many particulars, small in themselves, but not in reality unimportant, which offered a striking contrast to what I had been accustomed to see in H.M. 55th and 18th Royal Irish Regiments. I soon shook off my depression, and interested myself in my hospital work. I found the men to be, in the main, very good fellows. Although, as I have said, the discipline was not what I had been accustomed to, I never experienced the smallest want of what was due to me as a commissioned officer. On the con-

THE LIFE OF

trary, they were always to me most respectful, and grateful for all I did to promote their health, comfort, and well-being when under my care. The 7th Madras Cavalry were at this time quartered at Arcot, under the command of Colonel Lawrence (brother of Lord Lawrence), who was also commandant of the station. From him I received much kindness and hospitality.

With the officers of this regiment I soon became very intimate, more particularly with Captains Cotton and Strange. In the case of the first, our acquaintance quickly ripened into a warm friendship on both sides. He was a particularly handsome man, of pleasing and somewhat dignified manners. Well read and informed, and without a trace of the narrow-mindedness, fanaticism, and sectarianism already noted as characteristic of most religiously minded men in India in my time, he was, in the best sense of the term, a religious man. A day rarely passed that we did not meet, and we constantly rode together in the evening. I shall have occasion later on to mention his early death, cut off by cholera, to the grief of his friends. His death was a loss not only to the regiment of which he was a brilliant ornament, but to the Indian Army at large.

Captain Strange, his comrade, I did not know so well, but still we were friendly. He was a man with a strong turn for physical science, and when he retired from service was employed by the India Office in a scientific capacity, being entrusted with the purchase of all instruments used in India for scientific purposes. He died at home while engaged in this way.

At Arcot I had the pleasure of meeting two ladies, related to me by marriage, nieces of my brother-in-law General Macpherson—viz. Mrs. Cumberlege, wife

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

of Captain, afterwards Major-General Cumberlege, 7th Madras Cavalry, and her sister Miss M'Nab.

On the whole I passed my time pleasantly at Arcot. Having occasion to ride over to Arnee to pay a visit to the headquarters of the regiment, I was spending the day with Major Butler, who, on the return to England of Colonel Vivian, had succeeded to the command. I was surprised when this officer handed me the Fort St. George *Gazette* of the previous day, in which my transfer from the Madras Fusiliers to a native infantry corps at Jubblepore was notified.

On my return that evening to Arcot, I found a private letter from the office of the Adjutant-General, announcing the fact of my removal; informing me that the order had come from the Marquis of Tweeddale's private office, and had been the work of his lordship's private secretary, to serve a personal friend of his. It had been done without consulting the Adjutant-General, who was not pleased at this unusual action. My friend in the above-mentioned office, with the sanction of his chief, advised me to address a private remonstrance to his lordship's secretary, informing him that my present appointment had been given to me in recognition of my services in China, and that I wished to remain where I was. The reply was, in plain terms, a lie—viz. that the Native regiment, to which I was posted, was going on active service. With this explanation he—the private secretary—‘was sure I would withdraw my application.’ This of course I had to do, and at once prepared to follow further advice (private) from the office of the Adjutant-General—viz. to go by sea to Calcutta, where I would see my brother on the staff of the Governor-General, and see what would turn up. Meanwhile, my relief came in the shape of the gentleman for whose benefit the

THE LIFE OF

Governor of Madras's private secretary had performed this little comedy at my expense. The 6th Madras Cavalry had received orders to march to Nagpore, and just as I was on the point of leaving Arcot for Madras, news arrived that the regiment, two marches on the route, had been attacked by cholera, that Captain Cotton was one of the first seized, and that he urgently desired to see me. It was out of my power to comply with this request; and, as it happened, had I been able to go to him, I could only have attended his funeral, for he succumbed to the disease in a few hours after he was attacked. This was a great grief to me, for I really loved that fine officer and much-valued friend. Even now, after the lapse of half a century, I look back to my intercourse with Cotton as one of the pleasantest memories of my long life.

I had hardly left Arcot when my successor had cause to regret his share in the job which brought him to Arcot. Cholera reached the station, and furiously attacked the wing of the regiment, the charge of which I had just handed over to him. Cholera has always scourged Arcot from time to time, as the monuments in the dismal graveyard there sadly evidence. I cannot at this distance of time recall the number of the victims, but it was very large, and I had cause to congratulate myself on having escaped the hard necessity of fighting the unequal battle with this fell disease. Nor was this the only outcome of the unjust and unhandsome job, of which I had been to all appearance the victim, as will be seen further on. I was kicked upstairs. The end of my successor was not so fortunate. I forget the charge or charges under which, in subsequent years, he was brought to trial and dismissed the service.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

On arriving at Madras, I embarked on the P. & O. s.s. *Hindustan*, and reached Calcutta in three days. There I found that my brother Roderick was with the Governor-General at Barrackpore, the country house of that high official. I drove out, was warmly welcomed by my brother, and introduced to Lord Ellenborough, who received me with great kindness, and at once invited me to be his guest.

The station of Barrackpore, on the banks of the Ganges, is distant about sixteen miles from Calcutta, in a singularly pretty and finely wooded park, and it has always been a favourite residence of the Governors-General of India. The house, although not very large, is commodious and pleasantly situated. A native regiment is quartered at the station, chiefly as a guard for the Governor-General. Lord Wellesley, in his magnificent way, laid the foundations of a palace in the park. Before, however, much progress had been made with the building, orders from the court of directors put a stop to its progress. All that had been built was razed to the ground. I had abundant evidence that the foundations remained, although covered with grass. Riding in the park over the spot on a horse of my brother's, I came to grief, and was landed on all that remained of Lord Wellesley's ambitious project, with no other ill effects than a few bruises.

The Governor-General's staff at this time consisted of Captain Durand, Bengal Engineers, private secretary. A man of great ability, he first became known as one of the engineers who blew open the gates of Gaznee. In after years he was distinguished as a man of conspicuous talent and an excellent administrator. He filled many high offices under the Government of India; and met his death while passing under

THE LIFE OF

a gateway, seated in the howdah of an elephant, his head coming in contact with the arch, killing him on the spot. It is not too much to say, that in the early days of Lord Ellenborough's reign his lordship and Durand constituted the 'Government of India.' Many very important decisions, and orders founded on them, were known only to Durand, who was the channel of communication between his lordship and those to whom the orders were addressed. Not unnaturally, this was a stumbling-block and rock of offence to the Supreme Council, and to the directors of the East India Company, and was the foundation of the quarrel which led to Lord Ellenborough's recall. The military secretary was Major Fitzroy Somerset, eldest son of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan. This officer fell in one of the earliest battles of the Sikh War. The aides-de-camp were Captains Herries, Munro, Hillier, and my brother. The first two were killed in the Sikh War, and Hillier lived to be the head of the Irish Constabulary.¹ My brother was much in the confidence of the Governor-General. He had a perfect knowledge of the Bengal Army, and his lordship seldom made a military appointment without consulting him. His lordship's confidence was not misplaced, for my brother was an exceedingly cautious as well as a strictly honourable adviser: never allowing private considerations in any way to influence him when consulted on such points. Moreover, he received all such communications from his chief as strictly confidential, and those who were promoted on his advice never knew to whom they were indebted for their advancement. It was very pleasant to see the footing Lord Ellenborough was on with his personal staff. He

¹ I only recently saw a notification of his death as a Lieutenant-General.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

treated the young officers about his person as if they had been his younger brothers, and no chief was ever less exacting. When I was his lordship's guest it was the gay season in Calcutta, and Lord Ellenborough never seemed to expect that it was the duty of his aides-de-camp, or even of one of them, to keep him company after dinner. It happened over and over again that I was left alone with him when every one of his staff had gone to attend the balls and parties that were of nightly occurrence. It amused the Governor-General at breakfast to hear the adventures of the previous night. The 'cold season' was the time of year for the arrival of young spinsters coming out from England to join their parents, as well as those sent out to friends on the speculation of a matrimonial settlement. Lord Ellenborough had many jokes about those new arrivals, of whom he always spoke as *ex Trafalgar*, or some other of the favourite passenger ships, in which the girls were 'sent out,' confided to the care of the captain.

As is well known, the Governor-General was at heart a soldier; he loved the society of military men, and had an unbounded admiration for their profession. His lordship was at no pains to conceal his preference for their society over that even of the ablest men of the civil service. He was constantly, even in the presence of civil servants, most of them sons and nephews of directors of the East India Company, in the habit of expressing his mind pretty freely, and not always prudently, as to the governing qualities of the Hon. Court. No doubt his unguarded remarks were duly reported, with the natural result of making enemies in Leadenhall Street. It is certain that some important questions of State were settled by the Governor-General without consultation with his Council. Indeed, as already remarked, I have often

THE LIFE OF

heard it said that, in Lord Ellenborough's time, the Government of India consisted of his lordship and his private secretary, Captain Durand. On one occasion I was present when the senior member of Council, with a face of great concern, announced to his lordship that an accident had happened to one of his colleagues, absent in Ceylon on sick certificate: this gentleman's gun had burst and blown off one of his thumbs. The reply was: 'Indeed! I hope it was his minute-writing thumb!' The face of the member of Council, on hearing this unsympathetic remark, was something to remember.

I have mentioned the opportunities for conversation I had with Lord Ellenborough, when left alone with him in the evenings. I have cause to recollect one evening in particular, when he was in a very chatty mood, and conversed with me with great freedom. I well remember his remarks on the difference of his position as Governor-General of India, and the enormous authority it gave him, in comparison with that of a Cabinet Minister at the head of one of the great departments of State at home. 'I decide,' he said, 'every morning before breakfast, matters that a Cabinet Council would debate over for hours, often for days.' He insisted strongly on the advisability of reserving all important questions for decision in the early morning. I happened to refer to a letter from Sir Walter Scott, at the time of starting the *Quarterly Review*, in which he urged his correspondent to get Mr. Canning to write an article on Foreign Affairs for the *Review*, advising that the brilliant statesman should 'dine on a boiled chicken and pint of wine,' preparatory to the literary effort. His lordship laughed, and said, 'Boiled chicken and pint of wine, be hanged! If a man has anything of consequence to write about, let him get up in the morning with a clear head and

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

do it. I invariably write all my important despatches and papers before breakfast.'

This led to the Governor-General talking freely of those with whom he had been associated in public life at home. In the course of conversation I alluded to Charles Grant, afterwards Lord Glenelg, and asked if the stories and caricatures about his indolence were true. 'Perfectly true,' he replied; 'he was the most indolent man I ever knew in public life. I cannot call to mind his ever originating anything.' His lordship had a peculiar way of pronouncing certain words, following in this respect Mr. Fox. He always said 'a knight of the *shere*', 'goold' for gold. Sir Charles Napier was always 'Nappier,' and many other peculiarities might be mentioned. He was also very observant of any little affectations of dress or manner. The days of which I write were long anterior to the moustache. A smart young civilian in the secretariat sported this ornament, and was invariably spoken of by the Governor-General as 'a Cutchery hussar!' The moustache was then, even in the army, confined to the mounted branches of the service.

On the morning following the conversation above referred to, I was sent for to the office of his lordship's private secretary, and offered an appointment in the Mysore Commission, by order of the Governor-General, in very flattering terms. Captain Durand pressed the offer upon me, on the ground that it opened up to me a new career, with no inconsiderable opportunities of advancement, and even distinction. On the other hand, it involved turning my back on my own profession, thus, as it were, throwing away all the years spent in its study. I had also to take into consideration the risk of possible failure in a career for which I had no previous training. After anxious consultation with my brother, I—rightly or wrongly,

THE LIFE OF

I do not pretend to say—came to the determination to stick to my professional career, and take my chance of advancement in it. I came to this conclusion all the more readily when it was intimated to me that the Governor-General was prepared to confer on me the appointment of Residency Surgeon at the Court of Hyderabad, in the Deccan, the best appointment a man of my rank could hold in my own department; and so it was eventually decided. To this post I was finally gazetted.

This was a turning-point in my life, and, as will be seen, it exercised an important influence on my career. No doubt I owed, in no small degree, this fortunate turn in my affairs to a desire on the part of Lord Ellenborough to do an act of kindness to my brother; at the same time, to the end of my life I shall gratefully remember the great personal kindness and consideration shown to me by this distinguished man, who, apart from this mark of favour, always treated me with never-failing courtesy and friendly consideration.

At the time of which I am now writing, affairs at Gwalior were giving the Government of India considerable anxiety. So much so, that what was called the ‘Army of Exercise’ was ordered to assemble at Agra, under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, lately appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, in recognition of his services in China. Lord Ellenborough had made up his mind to proceed to Agra, to superintend in person the political events then impending, and was pleased to invite me to accompany my brother to the scene of action.

The journey from Calcutta to Agra in those days was both tedious, fatiguing, and costly, and was made by *dauk*—that is, in palanquins, carried by bearers posted at regular stages. In due course we

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

arrived at our destination, and found the 'Army of Exercise' assembling on the sandy plain near Agra. The camp of the Governor-General was pitched close to the famous Taj—on the whole, by the almost unanimous judgment of the world, the most beautiful mausoleum ever dedicated to the memory of a woman by the love of man. Whether seen in the bright sunshine or by 'moonlight alone,' its lovely and graceful proportions leave an impression on the mind of the beholder that can pass away only with himself. I of course visited the famous Fort of Agra, and the city of Futtehpur Sikra, so well known and so often described as to need no description by me.

Great hospitalities were interchanged between the respective camps of the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief. I particularly remember a great ball given by Sir Hugh Gough, when I had an opportunity of paying my respects to my old commander, and renewing my acquaintance with some members of his staff, more particularly with his amiable and gallant nephew, Colonel John Gough, who, although he had been bred in an infantry regiment, had been transferred to one of cavalry, and shortly afterwards was appointed, to the astonishment of the military world, to the command of a cavalry division. Things of this kind could be done in those days; but even then, when 'interest' was the most powerful means of advancement, and unsparingly used, the transfer called forth much angry comment, not in military society only, but in the press in India. This ball was the last at which not a few gallant officers danced, among them General Churchill, at that time Quartermaster-General of Queen's Troops in India. Churchill was one of those who fell in the battle of Maharajpur, fought not many days after. It used

THE LIFE OF

to be said of this gay and gallant officer—and I have even heard it said, it was admitted by himself—that there was not a capital in Europe in which he could appear without the risk of being arrested for debt. Here also, among the most energetic waltzers, was the famous Sir Harry Smith, subsequently well known, first as having sustained a bloody defeat at the hands of the Sikhs at Budiwal, and afterwards as the hero of Aliwal. Sir Harry was a dashing soldier, after the manner of the unscientific leaders of his day, and could swear as well as any trooper under his command.

Great was the excitement in the camp of the 'Army of Exercise' at the prospect of a brush with the Gwalior army—one of the best disciplined and bravest of the armies of a Native State. Its artillery was reputed to be particularly good, formidable alike from the skill of the gunners and their fanatical attachment to their guns—both fully displayed in the battle of Maharajpur. An incident at the Governor-General's table recurs to me. A missive arrived announcing that the Gwalior Government had given in to the demands of the Governor-General, and that therefore there would be no fighting. Lord Ellenborough called for writing materials, and in the midst of dinner wrote a long despatch with great rapidity.

Next day I received an order from Sir Frederick Currie, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, directing me to proceed to take up my appointment at Hyderabad. I took measures to have a *dauk* laid for my long and expensive journey to Hyderabad. As soon as that was done, I bade my dear brother Roderick farewell; alas! as it proved, a final one—we were not to meet again.

My route lay through Cawnpore, Allahabad, Rewah, Jubblepur, Nagpur, and the Nermal jungle, to

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

Hyderabad—a long and weary journey, broken only by a few days' rest at Jubblepur and Nagpur.

In the middle of the night—I forget the exact place on my journey—I fell in with Captain Gordon, of the 32nd Madras Native Infantry, who had served with the Sappers in China; he was on his way to join his regiment, I think at Jubblepur. From him I heard for the first time that the peace negotiations, which had begun before I left Agra, had fallen through; that the 'Army of Exercise' had fought and won the battle of Maharajpur; and that another battle had also been fought under General Gray, in which the Gwalior troops had also been defeated. We had a long talk together in the jungle, shook hands, bade each other a hearty farewell, and never met again.

I think it was on a march on the Hyderabad side of Nagpur, that I encountered the 7th Cavalry. It will be remembered that this regiment left Arcot *en route* for Nagpur a few days before me, and was attacked by cholera two marches from Arcot, when my dear friend, Captain Cotton, was one of the first victims. From Captain Cumberlege, his wife, and her sister, Miss M'Nab, afterwards Mrs. Northey, I heard all the particulars of his untimely death, and his earnest and oft-expressed wish that I should be sent for. A great deal on both sides had taken place since we parted at Arcot; but the interview was brief, and we had soon to say farewell and go our respective ways.

I cannot recall more than the year of my arrival at Hyderabad. It was early in 1844. My position on arrival was a little awkward. My appointment had been made by the Governor-General without reference to the Resident, Major-General Stewart Fraser—I believe, a somewhat unusual course. It had been

THE LIFE OF

prophesied that a stiff and cold reception awaited me. I had, however, no cause of complaint on this score. The Resident received me with perfect politeness, and from the first day of our meeting until his retirement he treated me with invariable courtesy and kindness, never in the most distant way referring to the fact that there was anything exceptional in the manner of my nomination to his staff. In this, as in all other respects, he behaved like what he was—a well-bred and high-minded gentleman.

The staff at this time consisted of Major D. Malcolm, of the Bombay Army, Assistant-Resident. This officer was a nephew of the late Sir John Malcolm, sometime Governor of Bombay, a man of distinction as a soldier and administrative officer, and an author. Two other brothers of the family were naval officers of distinction—viz. Sir Pulteney and Sir James Malcolm. The former, in particular, was a very considerable man in his own branch of the Service; and I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with Sir James when (although of the Royal Navy) the Admiral-Superintendent of the Bombay Marine—or, as it was afterwards called, the Indian Navy. Major Malcolm was at this time on merely official terms with his chief, General Fraser—a coolness arising from causes into which I need not enter here. Malcolm was a man of considerable ability, with a perfect knowledge of Native character, and speaking both Hindustani and Persian like his native tongue. He was frank, outspoken, and hospitable—keeping, after the fashion of the time, open house—a good sportsman, and in every way a most genial and lovable man. His wife, *née* Stanley, was one of the handsomest women of her time in Southern India, of a commanding presence, and, like her husband, warm-hearted, hospitable, and kind. I may mention that,

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

at the time of my arrival, Major and Mrs. Malcolm were not in their own house, but members of a country party having an 'outing' at the famous Tombs of Golconda—a favourite resort for such meetings. With characteristic hospitality, Malcolm left an invitation for me to occupy his house on arrival and to make myself at home there—an invitation which I accepted. A great intimacy grew up between my wife and Mrs. Malcolm, which continued until, unfortunately for both Malcolm and his wife, he became tired of long waiting for promotion in the political line, and asked to be removed to another sphere. In due time his wish was complied with, and he received an appointment in Central India. A vacancy shortly after occurred at Baroda, and he was appointed Resident at the Court of the Gaikwar of that place. It unfortunately happened that the move took place in the midst of the hot season. Mrs. Malcolm suffered frightfully in the course of the march, and on arriving at Baroda was suffering from severe fever, which assumed a grave aspect, and it was deemed necessary, as her last chance, to send her to the coast. The measure was not, alas! successful. Mrs. Malcolm, to the inexpressible grief of her husband, succumbed to the disease *en route*. Her last words to her husband were memorable: 'Duncan, seek God, and follow me.' Crushed and heart-broken, Malcolm returned to Baroda—was attacked by a carbuncle on the nape of the neck, and within a month of his wife's death 'followed' her to the grave. This sad event, although related here, did not occur for many years after my arrival—not, in fact, until some years after General Fraser's retirement, and many years of great intimacy between the Malcolms and ourselves. Had he had patience to wait, he would, it is probable, have succeeded General

THE LIFE OF

Fraser. Very vain, however, are speculations on such 'might have beens.' It is a curious fact that, although Malcolm himself never attained the object of his ambition, his second daughter became the wife of Sir Richard Meade, who years afterwards was Resident at the Court of Hyderabad. We long mourned the loss of our dear friends, and to this day look back to our happy intercourse with them as among the pleasantest recollections of our Indian life.

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The military secretary at the time of my joining the Residency staff was Major Eric Sutherland, a brother of a more distinguished man—John, who was a cavalry officer. Both brothers belonged to the Bengal Army, and both had served in the Nizam's Contingent. Eric Sutherland was not, like his brother, a man of ability, but was extremely kind-hearted, generous, and hospitable. On my first arrival he showed me great kindness, and we continued on most friendly and intimate terms up to the time of his death, which took place from dysentery some years after my own appointment.

The Resident, General Fraser, already alluded to, was a very notable personage. He came out to India when a mere boy,¹ and, up to the time of which I am now writing, had never left the country. He was a tall, spare man, with prominent features, a lofty forehead, mobile mouth, and altogether the air of a well-bred Scottish gentleman, who had moved all his life in good society. His manners were sprightly, even gay—in some particulars more those of a Frenchman than an Englishman. In point of fact, in his youth he had been

¹ He used to say that he was probably the only living man who had been stopped on Wormwood Scrubs by a regular highwayman.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

much in the society of Frenchmen at Pondicherry, and spoke their language fluently, and with as perfect an accent as an Englishman can ever attain. I recollect a remark made to me by a French nobleman of the *ancien régime*, travelling in India, who was a guest of the Resident's. 'Here,' said the Duc de Coislin, 'is a gentleman whose whole life has been spent in India, and mostly away from the chief seats of government, yet I could place him to-day in the most cultivated circles of Parisian society with the certainty that he would hold his own, and even command the attention and notice of its most cultivated members.' The General was a diligent student not only in the science of the day, but in general literature, and he had perhaps the best private library in India.

There would have been few dissentients to the above estimate of General Fraser's position as a man of culture; but the same unanimity of opinion on his merits as a political representative of his Government did not exist. He was wide as the poles asunder from Malcolm on most political questions that arose when they sat at the same council-table. The General was a good linguist, and spoke Hindustani and Persian fluently. He was in manner, one would have supposed, a *persona grata* to H.H. the Nizam, who was always treated with consideration; but the Nizam of the time of which I am writing was a perfect type of an Eastern potentate—fat, ignorant, lazy, prejudiced; opposed to everything in the way of change, good or bad. His Highness had but one answer to every proposal—viz. *Mamool* (custom). If a proposition was contrary to long-established *mamool*, that was enough. The Nizam and his then Dewan, Seraj-ool-Moolk (of whom I shall have something to say further on) were seldom on friendly terms, or

THE LIFE OF

of the same mind on questions of government, and the Resident was almost always on the side of the minister.¹

Personally, I had every cause to like the Resident, under whom I served so many years. He treated me always, notwithstanding the somewhat unusual way in which I was appointed, with unfailing courtesy, and addressed a public letter to me on his retirement in which he spoke of me and my humble services in the handsomest terms.

General Fraser's successor was Sir John Low. It is not possible to conceive two men more opposite in every way than those two public men. Sir John Low was in early youth a political pupil of Lord Metcalfe, and had a profound respect for the memory of his great master. It was his ambition in all things, both in public and private life, to tread in the footsteps of the eminent man under whom he had served. Sir John had not the literary acquirements

¹ It is not my intention to enter on the particulars of the serious quarrel that arose between the Resident and the Governor-General. There was a fundamental difference on the mode of dealing with the Nizam on the matter of the debt to the British Government, contracted by the former for the payment of the force known as the 'Nizam's Contingent.'

The correspondence on this question, made public to some extent by General Fraser's son, the late Colonel Hastings Fraser, was, on the Governor-General's part, somewhat high-handed and peremptory; on that of the Resident, whose opinions were maintained with great ability and independence, in a style by no means pleasing to his formidable antagonist. In the midst of it a fresh difference arose between Lord Dalhousie and the General on a question of military discipline, arising out of a court-martial on a rissaldar of a cavalry regiment of the Nizam's Contingent Force. Colonel Hastings Fraser has published this rather acrid correspondence, which would probably have ended in the Resident's recall, had not an event occurred which placed the Resident in an independent position : his brother, General Hastings Fraser, died, leaving a considerable fortune and a landed estate to the Resident, who at once cut short the correspondence by resigning his high office.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

and culture of his predecessor: he was in no sense a highly educated man. I should say that he was Fraser's superior in that by no means common possession, the quality of so-called 'common sense.' He was far from being a man of impulse or sentiment. He had a perfect knowledge of the ways of Orientals; knew and respected all that he deemed worthy of respect in them, without ever running the risk of being deceived by them in the transaction of public business. Briefly, he was a just and honourable man in every relation of life; a highly capable administrator; and, above all, a safe adviser of his political superiors, never for a moment allowing any motive of self-interest to guide him in the statement of his opinions, even when they were opposed to those of Lord Dalhousie, the most masterful man that had governed India since Warren Hastings. He was a man of eminently attractive manners, simple and sincere, kind and courteous to all who approached him. His face was a faithful index to his mind and character,—handsome, with a singularly pleasing, gracious, and benevolent expression.

The new Resident did not come as an entire stranger to Hyderabad. When General Fraser took one of his daughters to the Straits of Malacca for change of air, Sir John Low officiated as Resident during his absence.

To Sir John Low, Lord Dalhousie confided the unpleasant task of carrying out the scheme for the settlement of the debt to the British Government, and the reorganisation of the so-called 'Nizam's Contingent.' The manner in which this last-named part of his instructions was acted upon reflected great honour on the Resident. It was with him a principle that it was both impolitic and unjust for Government to deal meanly with its officers when

THE LIFE OF

financial or political reasons called for organic changes. A large number of the officers of the Contingent Force were what is called 'local'—that is, did not belong either to the Imperial or Hon. Company's Service. They were all pensioned off on a just and liberal scale, and the Contingent was rearranged on a much more economical footing. The Berars were ceded to the British Government, but on the condition that all surplus funds and income, after payment of British claims, should be handed over to the Nizam. This arrangement holds good to the present day.

Sir John Low remained at Hyderabad until a vacancy for a military member of the Supreme Council of India occurred, when, to the great regret, I believe, of the Native Government, to whom he was a *persona grata*, and certainly to that of the Residency staff and the society of the military cantonment of Secunderabad, he was moved to fill the vacant place in the Supreme Council of India. I have already mentioned that one of Sir John Low's most characteristic qualities was his independence—that is, the courage with which he invariably gave his honest opinions on public questions to his official superiors, without regard to personal considerations. I have seen nearly all the correspondence that passed between Sir John and Lord Dalhousie on the Hyderabad question, and am able to say that all he did in the settlement of that question met with the entire approbation of the Governor-General, who over and over again thanked the former both for the matter and manner of that settlement. Soon after Sir John Low took up his position as military member of the Supreme Council, the difficult question of the annexation of Oude arose. He had held the important post of Resident at that Native Court. Sir John was strongly opposed to annexation, and stoutly used all

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

the influence his position gave him against what he honestly deemed the unjust and impolitic measure of annexation, on which the Governor-General was determined, and which he carried out in his usual high-handed manner. This difference of opinion led to a complete estrangement between Lord Dalhousie and the military member of Council, and, to the best of my belief, the breach between the two was never healed.

The close of Sir John Low's life was eminently happy. He retired to his paternal estate in the neighbourhood of St. Andrews, and up to a great age was constantly seen on the 'links' there, the well-known headquarters of golf, a game in which he excelled, and of which he was passionately fond. In his native home he was as much loved and respected as he had been in India. The first letter of congratulation I received, when appointed a Companion of the Bath, was from Sir John, who invariably treated me, during our official and private intercourse, with the utmost kindness and consideration; and one of the most generous appreciations of my public life and services, addressed to the Government of India, proceeded from his pen. I look back to my connection in public and private life with this able and conscientious man, as one of the most prized memories of my career.

Sir John was succeeded as Resident at Hyderabad by Mr. Bushby of the Bengal Civil Service. This gentleman had for many years filled the important post of Secretary in the Foreign Department of the Government of India. Mr. Bushby, by universal consent, was one of the ablest members of the Bengal Civil Service of his time. In his youth he had served under Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Metcalfe, when that distinguished man was Resident at Hyderabad.

THE LIFE OF

Mr. Bushby was indisputably a man of ability, with great experience and knowledge of public affairs, and he was also a kind and courteous gentleman. To me personally he was invariably most considerate ; and when on promotion I retired from my office on his staff, the public letter he addressed to me was one of the most gratifying acknowledgments of my efforts to do my duty I ever received. Mr. Bushby had a charming family, and the hospitalities of the Residency were most gracefully presided over by his daughters. On my return passage to India in 1857 I heard at Cairo, to my great regret, of his death. He was struck down by apoplexy at the ceremony of cutting the first sod of the first railway that entered the Nizam's country. His successor was Major Davidson, who had for some time been assistant to the Resident. As my connection with the Hyderabad Residency ceased in 1855, I do not purpose entering on the subject of Davidson's troubled and anxious service in that appointment at the trying time of the Mutiny.

I may, however, here say a few words on the curious state of affairs in the city of Hyderabad during the years of my official connection with the Residency, so different then from what it is now. The policy of the Nizam of my time was to keep aloof from all intercourse with Europeans. His Highness never even saw the Resident, except at official Durbars. Having been present at many of those official receptions with the Residents of my time, I can say that on no occasion did I see the Nizam ever unbend, or make the smallest attempt to be more than formally polite to the English representative ; never on any occasion taking the smallest notice of the officers of the Resident's staff. No European was ever permitted to enter the city without special

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

permission, obtained through the Resident. To this rule I was an exception. My profession gave me the right of going and coming at all hours of the day and night, when my services were asked for. As a rule, I was never in any way insulted or molested; the armed population came to know and recognise me. In the course of time hundreds of them frequented the Residency hospital for medical and surgical assistance, and I was often respectfully greeted by old patients, some of them great ruffians, whose wounds had been dealt with to their relief and satisfaction. On one occasion, and one only, I had rather an unpleasant adventure. On my way to the residence of the Dewan Sooraj-ool-Moolk, not far from his gate, a truculent butcher standing at the entrance to his shop, without any provocation assaulted one of my bearers. I jumped out of my palanquin and remonstrated with him. The fellow assumed a most insolent attitude, and, snatching up a large knife from his block, came at me in a most menacing way. I was unarmed, but faced him calmly; and my bearers setting up a shout, he thought better of it, and I resumed my way. The fellow was arrested and punished. I have said the whole population of the city were armed.

‘The good old rule . . . the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,’

was the law of Hyderabad. All the men of rank, all the wealthy sowcars (bankers), never went out of their houses without an armed rabble as guards, for the most part consisting of Arabs, of whom there were at least 6000 in the city, besides about an equal number of half-breeds, Rohillas, and scoundrels from the throats of the passes into Afghanistan. The houses of the noblemen, sowcars, and other wealthy

THE LIFE OF

inhabitants, were all built with an eye to defence, surrounded by high and strong walls, with narrow doors and narrow stairs, that one or two resolute men could defend against a host. A sheriff's writ did not run in the city. If a man owed another a sum of money and refused to pay, the creditor, after exhausting all other means to obtain his own, simply hired a band of Arabs and other ruffians, and assaulted the debtor's house, defended usually by a like number of mercenary followers. It was no uncommon thing for a siege to last for several days, with considerable bloodshed and loss of life—the wounded on both sides being calmly sent to my hospital for treatment. It was in this way, as I have already said, that these Arabs, Rohillas, and other hirelings came to know me, and to show their gratitude were in the habit of showing me respect when they saw me in the city, although the sight of any other European was hateful to them. Marvellous was the power of recovery in these men from the most terrible wounds from firearms and sword and dagger cuts and thrusts; a fact to be accounted for by their simple and temperate lives, necessitated mainly by poverty, and partly, no doubt, from observance of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. When I entered on my life at Hyderabad, the two most powerful families were those of Sooraj-ool-Moolk, who was the Nizam's Minister from the date of my arrival until his death, and of Shums-ool-Oomrah. I came to know the former very intimately. He was, far and away, the cleverest native nobleman I ever knew. He was my patient, and would, when he came to know me, speak in the most unreserved way on public matters. The British Government owes much to this minister. He was a staunch adherent and supporter of the British

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

Alliance. I do not for a moment mean that, any more than others of his race and religion, he loved us. But he was firmly imbued with the belief that the best policy for his master was to be loyal to the British Government. It was to him, I am firmly persuaded, that we owe the fidelity of the Hyderabad State at the crisis of the Mutiny. He indoctrinated his famous nephew, Salar Jung, with this belief and this policy. More than any native of India I ever knew, he understood the power of Great Britain. He was not deceived, as so many are, by the small limits of the United Kingdom as seen on a map, nor by the comparatively small number of European troops in India. Often has he said to me, 'Maclean Sahib, it is not the fear of the small body of English soldiers in the Secunderabad cantonment, or even in all India, that influences me. I know that if there was a revolt in India against the British Raj, the ocean would soon be white with the sails of the ships conveying soldiers to the rescue.' Sooraj-ool-Moolk did not live to see the fulfilment of his forecast. Unfortunately for himself he had contracted, long before I knew him, the baneful habit of drinking. In this respect he was a bad Mussulman. When coffee was handed round in the course of the numerous entertainments he frequently gave to the officers of the Secunderabad force and their families, his cup contained, not coffee, but a stiff glass of grog, which he gravely took as if it were in reality 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates,' not without a sly look at me, knowing how often I had advised him to resume the habit enjoined by his Prophet. The Minister was not devoid of humour. On one occasion, he took me round to inspect a collection of marble busts of the Roman Emperors from the antique, which he had recently purchased.

THE LIFE OF

I called his attention to the fact that in all the most intellectual of them the nose was represented as well developed, and that a 'Roman nose' was the epithet used to distinguish this feature when of similar shape and proportions. Ever after, when any person arrived, either as a chance visitor, or a new officer in the neighbouring cantonment to fill a post of any importance, he invariably, with a comical expression and twinkle of the eye, asked if he had a Roman nose! The unhappy habits he had contracted developed Bright's Disease, which ended in his death, when still little beyond the prime of life. Sooraj-ool-Mook had many enemies, and on one occasion, on his return to the city from the country, he was way-laid by a body of assassins, who fired at him from a place of concealment, lodging in his face a number of pellets, about the size of small pistol bullets, which I had to extract.

The other powerful family was, as I have said, that of Shuins-ool-Oomrah. The head of this house was the very antipodes of Sooraj-ool-Mook. He was much older, was a strict Mussulman, and an observer of Mohammedan ritual to the letter. He was, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, a more *respectable* man than his rival. Unlike all the men of his station and religion I ever knew, he had a decided taste for science, was a good mathematician, and gave much of his time to the study of mechanical philosophy and to electrical science, in which he took the deepest interest, following closely the latest discoveries of Faraday. Moreover, he did not affect the society of Europeans, and my own acquaintance with him was comparatively slight, although when we did occasionally meet he was invariably most courteous. On one occasion, when the then Bishop of Madras—Bishop Daltry—was my guest, he expressed a desire

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

to be introduced to a Hyderabad nobleman. Shums-ool-Oomrah politely expressed his willingness to receive the Bishop. Accordingly I accompanied him to his palace, where we were received with the utmost politeness and cordiality. His manner to the Bishop was that of a well-bred man of the world, dignified, and most respectful. In the course of the conversation, carried on in Hindustani, the hour for afternoon prayer struck. With simple dignity he asked his visitors to excuse him for a few minutes while he retired to perform the rites of his religion. On which the Bishop, turning to me, said, 'Would to God that we Christians could in like manner show that we are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ!' At the conclusion of the interview our host again retired for a few minutes, bringing with him on his return his grandson, a beautiful child, the apple of his eye. To my astonishment, and that of my venerable companion, he held the child up and asked the Bishop for his blessing, who, deeply affected at this unexpected request, bestowed it with a solemnity I never saw equalled, tears chasing each other from the eyes of the Christian Bishop and the aged Mussulman nobleman. Bishop Daltry assured me that this was to him one of the most affecting and memorable events in his long ministry in the East.

My service as Residency Surgeon extended from 1844 to 1855. My life at Hyderabad was a happy one. My position was, except in name, one of complete independence. I had no professional superior, and was responsible only to the Resident, who never interfered with me or my duties in any way. My pay amounted to Rs. 1000 a month, with a comfortable house and garden. I had not been many years at the Residency when I received a handsome addition

THE LIFE OF

to my pay of Rs. 500 a month, which came about in this way. There existed at Bolarum, the headquarters of one of the Brigades of the Hyderabad Contingent, a Medical School, intended for the training of medical subordinates for the hospitals of the Contingent. This School was carried on by one of the medical officers of that force. When this officer was promoted to a higher position, General Fraser abolished the School. This measure was severely commented upon in the public press. General Fraser was always sensitive to attacks by the press, particularly on questions of education. He intimated in an official memorandum that he abolished the Bolarum School merely to afford him the means of establishing one with wider aims.

The Resident obtained the sanction of the Nizam's Government, and of the Governor-General, to establish a Medical School at the Residency, with a view to educate a body of native doctors through the medium of their own language. I was appointed Superintendent of this School, with the addition of the above-mentioned sum to my pay. It was an office involving much labour. Except during the extremely hot months of March, April, and May, I devoted nine hours a day to the work of teaching. This was the first vernacular Medical School established in India, and it was successful. A large number of fairly well-trained medical men were educated in it, and employed as practitioners not only in the city of Hyderabad, but in the various districts of the Nizam's country. This School, greatly extended, exists to this day, under the able direction of Surgeon-Lieut.-Colonel Lawrie. The scope of education has been widely extended since it was first established, and English is now the language used in the School. The Superintendent has always been

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

the Residency Surgeon, and the School over which he presides has proved a great blessing to the Nizam's subjects.

On my subsequent career this School had a great influence. I was always well supported by the Residents of my time, Generals Fraser, Low, and Mr. Bushby; and the reports sent to the Government of India by the above-named officers were invariably couched in the most flattering terms. When the time came for me to vacate my appointment on promotion, Lord Dalhousie acknowledged my services in the most handsome manner in a letter to the Resident, which was communicated to me, also to the Government of Madras and to the Court of Directors. When Mr. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert, then Secretary for War, founded the Army Medical School at the close of the Crimean War, a medical officer competent to teach tropical diseases was required. The India Office was applied to, the records were searched, and I know that the various reports sent to the Court of Directors by the Government of India, based on those of the Residents above named, led to my being appointed. The Chair of Military Medicine was in the first instance offered to Dr. Morehead, for a long time President of the Grant Medical College in Bombay, and Professor of Medicine and Clinical Medicine in that School. The negotiations with that eminent medical officer fell through, as he insisted on the rank of Inspector-General being accorded to him. The War Office had settled that the military medical officers should have the rank of Deputy-Inspector-General during their first year of service; and as Dr. Morehead, whose health at the time was not good, and who had had enough of teaching during his career in India, finally declined

THE LIFE OF

the appointment, as stated above, it fell to me. This was not the only acknowledgment of my services at Hyderabad; for Lord Dalhousie paid me the very unusual compliment of asking me to appoint my own successor. I first named, in obedience to his order, conveyed to me through Mr. Courtney, his lordship's private secretary, Dr. Lancaster Bell, General Fraser's son-in-law, an extremely able man, of great popularity in the service. This gentleman, however, unfortunately died before I vacated the appointment. I intimated the melancholy fact to Mr. Courtney, who, by Lord Dalhousie's order, directed me to name another officer. I sent up the names of three, all in my opinion competent men, and was by return of post requested to name one of the three. In reply to this, I named Dr. George Smith, who was appointed, and more than justified my nomination.

Two events in 1844-45 make these years very memorable to me. One was the death of my dear brother, Roderick; the other was my marriage. Lord Ellenborough was recalled in that year, and was succeeded by Sir Henry, afterwards Lord Hardinge. My brother had been transferred from the staff of Lord Ellenborough to that of his successor, and just before Lord Ellenborough's departure he married Flora Gilbert, eldest daughter of General Sir Walter Gilbert, commanding the Sirhind Division, a cavalry officer of distinction, who played a considerable part in the Sikh wars which soon followed. This marriage proved a singularly happy one, but, alas! the happiness was short-lived. Within four months of his marriage, my brother was attacked by acute inflammation of the liver. It was considered that a voyage to England offered the only chance of recovery. In those days the communication with England, *via* the Red Sea, was only monthly.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

Lord Hardinge, however, in his anxiety to save my brother if possible, directed a small steamer belonging to Government, the *Enterprise*, to have some stores put on board for transport to Bombay, and Dr. Alexander Grant, a great personal friend of my own, was sent in charge of the invalid. All in vain! My poor brother, so lately a happy bridegroom, died off Cape Comorin, and was buried at sea. As soon as intimation was sent to me from one of his fellow-A.D.C.'s, I hastened overland to Bombay, only to find his young widow there. I returned with her to Calcutta, arriving there, after a tedious voyage, on the 15th of December. There we were kindly received by the Governor-General and many of my late brother's friends. I settled all his affairs, and on the 8th of January 1845 sailed on the P. & O. s.s. *Hindustan* with his widow—she for England, I for Madras (on my return to my work at Hyderabad), where we arrived on the 13th. On the following day, I sorrowfully parted from my widowed sister-in-law—the *Hindustan* going on her way. So ended this, one of the most bitter afflictions of my life. I greatly loved, and as greatly mourned, my brother, thus cut off in his prime, in the midst of the happiness of early married life, and when the most brilliant professional prospects were opening up for him. I have in a former part of this narrative spoken of him as a brave soldier, and a warm-hearted, affectionate man. It was something to have won the confidence, esteem, and friendship of two such men as Lords Ellenborough and Hardinge—so different in their dispositions, and, from long experience, good judges of character. This he did. I may add, that by his brother officers he was greatly beloved and trusted, and sincerely lamented.

His widow went to my mother in Cheltenham, and

THE LIFE OF

lived with her until some years after her return to England, when she married again, her second husband being Colonel, afterwards General, Shubrick, of the Madras Army.

On the 30th of January 1845 I arrived at Hyderabad, and with a heavy heart re-entered upon my duties.

It was on my return that I met the lady who afterwards became my wife. Miss Louisa Macpherson was the niece of my brother-in-law, General Duncan Macpherson, who, as I have already said, was one of the best men I ever had the good fortune to know, and the truest friend I ever had.

An engagement soon followed, and we were married on the 9th September 1845, from the house of my dear friend Dr. Alexander Walker, of the Bombay Army. At this time Dr. Walker, who had for many years been surgeon to one of the cavalry regiments of the Contingent, was Statistical Surveyor of the Deccan.

All my children were born in my official domicile, close to the Residency, with the exception of my second son, A. D. Maclean, who was born on the Nilgherry Hills.

In 1849 my health seriously broke down, and I had to go to the Nilgherry Hills for a year. It was in 1850 that, shortly before leaving to return to Hyderabad, news of the death of Dr. Alexander Walker reached me. He was a bad rider: at Bolarum he was trying a horse belonging to an officer, with a view to purchase. He was not told that the horse was a runaway. Unfortunately, the curb-chain becoming detached, he lost all control of the animal, which bolted with his rider into an open gate leading through some mango-trees to an officer's house; his head came into contact with a bough not thicker than a man's arm, dislocating his neck, and, of course, killing him on the spot. To give a deeper tone to this sufficiently tragic

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

death, his wife was driving with another lady on the highroad on the other side of the bungalow. A native trooper, who saw the accident, raised the alarm, and when the ladies rushed to the scene, Mrs. Walker found her husband stone dead on the pathway.

Dr. Walker was a man of great ability—more, however, as a man of science than a practical physician. He was a good geologist, and, if his life had been longer spared, would have left an important geological survey of the Nizam's country. He was one of my most valued friends, and I mourned his loss sincerely.

CHAPTER VIII

FURLough—RETURN TO INDIA—APPOINTED PROFESSOR OF MILITARY MEDICINE IN THE ARMY MEDICAL SCHOOL

AT last, in 1855, came my promotion, and with it an end of my life at Hyderabad. I have already mentioned that Lord Dalhousie treated me with great consideration, directing me to name my own successor, on the ground that no one could be so much interested in the School work as myself.

Then came the parting from my pupils, a scene indelibly engraven on my memory. It took place in the presence of my successor, Dr. George Smith, to whom it was a revelation. At the last, the young fellows literally fell upon my neck—clung to me, weeping bitterly, until I was almost tempted to say with St. Paul at Cæsarea: ‘What mean ye to weep, and to break my heart?’

We found General Fraser and his family in Madras. The climate of England proved uncongenial to him, and he returned for a time to that of Southern India.

We embarked on the *Nile*, and, after what was then an unusually quick passage of seventy days, landed in England after an absence of more than sixteen years.

I found my dear mother alive, all my sisters, and my brother Archie. My brother Donald was then,

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

with his wife, serving in Cape Colony, where he had been during the Kaffir War.

After a short stay of about a couple of months in London, I took a place near Inverness called Hilton, where we lived until our return to India in 1857. It was a very happy time. I had plenty of shooting, and enjoyed the hospitality of my friends and relations; visiting dear old Morvern, where my sister Margaret presided over the well-known manse. It was at this time that I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of my dearest friend, Hugh Maclean, of Hythe Hill, Elgin, afterwards of Westfield. From the first we became good, and on my second return from India most intimate, friends. He was a great sportsman, probably the best angler in the North of Scotland, and a capital shot. He was also an extremely clever man; whatever he did, he did well. After the purchase of Westfield, an estate within a few miles of Elgin, he devoted himself to farming, keeping about five hundred acres in his own hands. No estate in the North of Scotland was more carefully farmed and thoroughly drained. Every field was as free from weeds as a well-kept garden. He always had extensive shootings, both moor and low ground. Far and away, he was the most hospitable man I ever knew; he was, moreover, a well-read man, with a fund of common sense I have rarely seen equalled. In course of time his business powers became known, and he ended in having in his own hands, practically, the threads of all the county business, and on all sides it was felt that never had the affairs of the county of Elgin been so well managed. He was most generous and open-handed with his own means, but in public matters a rigid economist.

On my second return from India, I never missed an annual visit to Hythe Hill every 12th of August,

THE LIFE OF

always remaining there until I was obliged to return to my professional duties on the 1st of October. This routine never varied until Hugh Maclean's death in April 1885. His funeral, which I attended, was, with one exception, the largest I ever saw in Scotland. I was one of his trustees, and regard my friendship and long intimacy with him as one of the most happy memories of my old age.

At this time I also experienced much kindness and hospitality from the then Mackintosh of Mackintosh, in his house of Moy Hall. His wife, Charlotte Macleod of Dalvey, was my first cousin, her elder sister being my brother Donald's wife. My brother Archie was often with me at Moy, and we enjoyed splendid sport on the famous moors on the estate.

In January 1857—that year of evil memory, the year of the Indian Mutiny—we had to take leave of all our children except the youngest boy. We left them at Hilton, under the care of an aunt of my wife's and a governess well known to us. The parting was very bitter to us—it was, and is, the severest penalty of life in India, as thousands of parents know too well. I had seen a good deal of my dear mother and other members of my family during the month preceding our departure, when I was attending the Eye Hospital in Moorfields.

We went out by the so-called Overland Route before the existence of the railway between Cairo and Suez, still less of the Canal.

On arriving at Galle, Ceylon, I read in the Indian papers the first signs of the coming storm, the Bengal Army being then much agitated by the greased cartridge question, which served as an excuse for the mutiny which shortly followed.

At Madras, I found Sir Patrick Grant (afterwards Field-Marshal) installed Commander-in-Chief. He

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

was an old friend of my brother Roderick's ; and as he lived much in Inverness when we were at Hilton, I met him "almost daily, and came to know him intimately.

After being appointed by Lord Harris to the Third District at the Presidency, I was Sir Patrick's medical adviser, seeing him almost every day, and it was my good fortune to be honoured with his friendship to the end of his life in 1895. Not many days before his death, I had a warm letter from my gallant friend. No one who ever even casually saw him will forget his handsome, manly face, and his splendid physique. He was a type of a well-born Highland gentleman and soldier, with frank and gracious manner ; the grasp of his hand was an indication of the warmth of his heart. The friendship of such a man was a valuable possession. Most pathetic was the closing scene of his solemn and affecting funeral, down to its smallest details arranged by the highest military authority, when the pipers of the Seaforth Highlanders closed round the open grave, and played the plaintive airs he loved so well—'The Land o' the Leal' and 'Lochaber no more.'

His military secretary was Major Haines, well known to me when he was a subaltern in the 4th King's Own Regiment, then quartered at Secunderabad, and an intimate friend of the Malcolms. This officer had a singularly fortunate career. He was on the staff of Lord Gough ; was constantly named in his lordship's despatches ; obtained brevet rank after every battle ; and, ending his active career as Commander-in-Chief in India, retired with the rank of Field-Marshal.

Sir Patrick gave me the best he had at the time to give—viz. the garrison surgeoncy at Visagapatam, with divisional headquarters at Waltair, an appoint-

THE LIFE OF

ment in an extremely good climate, with very light duties.

We found life there healthy enough, and the duties were to me very little more than nominal after the severe work I had been accustomed to. Still it was an anxious time. The Mutiny, with all its horrors and exciting events, was in full swing. We never knew from hour to hour when the Native troops at Visagapatam might break out into mutiny. We slept every night with our revolvers under our pillows, merely to sell our lives as dearly as we could. The General in command had spent nearly all his time of service in the Commissariat Department, and was unused to military emergencies.

In vain the members of his staff urged him to arrange a plan by which the ladies could be placed on board ship. He would listen to nothing of the kind, and, when told that every post brought sackfuls of letters to the Sepoys, urging them to rise and massacre their officers and their wives and children, he had one answer which was a repetition of the puerile saying of scores of Bengal officers, then in their bloody graves: 'No fear, our men are staunch.' So we had to make the needful arrangements for the safety of our families without reference to him. I remember how, day by day, we hungered for news of the fall of Delhi. When at last that welcome bit of intelligence arrived, we knew that the neck of the Mutiny was broken, and had little more anxiety.

After some months, I was offered by Lord Harris, then Governor of Madras, one of the District Surgeonies at the Presidency. This offer was the outcome of Lord Dalhousie's minute to the Madras Government, commending me to their favourable notice for my service at Hyderabad. I accepted the offer, and, breaking away from Waltair and its cool

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

and never-failing sea-breezes, we returned by sea to Madras. There we met my wife's brother, who had been promoted to the rank of Inspector-General in acknowledgment of his services as principal medical officer of the Turkish Contingent.

If I had little to do at Waltair, I had no such complaint to make in my new appointment—I had work enough and to spare. My district was very large, and included all the hotels in the place. People were arriving from up-country by every train, night and day—often with one or more members of their families on the sick-list—and my attendance was in constant requisition. At one time I had nine horses in my stable, and had work for them all; often I was nineteen or twenty hours from home. If I got three nights in the week in my bed, I deemed myself fortunate. In addition to this, I had Boards to attend, endless documents to prepare, committees to sit on, and a mass of correspondence to carry on; and, as if this was not enough, I had nearly all the medico-criminal work of the Presidency town on my hands. I had to attend endless inquests, give evidence before the Presidency magistrates, make *post-mortem* examinations, and attend day after day when the criminal sessions were on at the Supreme Court.

I soon felt the strain of this labour on mind and body, and knew that sooner or later a breakdown was inevitable. It required all my energy to face the work and carry it on. It was a great relief to me when, after about two years of it, I received a letter from Mr. Sidney Herbert, then Secretary for War, offering me the Chair of Military Medicine in the Army Medical School, then in process of formation. I was glad to accept it, even at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, to return to our children, and

THE LIFE OF

to escape from the over-pressure that I felt would either kill me or make an invalid of me for life. Accordingly I accepted the appointment, guarding myself as to certain conditions, and gladly we turned our backs on Madras, arriving in England in the winter of 1860.

I had not been many days at home before I discovered that all was not 'serene' about my appointment to the Army Medical School—in other words, that there were conditions annexed to it that would not suit me at all. It was a fixed determination on the part of the War Minister that the appointment was to be for five years, with power to reappoint reserved for the Minister. I obtained an interview with Mr. Sidney Herbert. I found him the most courteous and exquisitely mannered man it was ever my fortune to meet. I explained my position: that if I accepted the Chair in the Army Medical School on the five years' terms, I might at the end of that time find that the then Minister for some reason desired to make a change; that I should then find myself in the air, as an Act of Parliament forbade the return to India of an officer who, from any cause, was absent from that country for five years. I should be neither in one service nor the other, and left without an income at a time of life when my family most required means for education and a start in life. Mr. Herbert, with perfect courtesy, stuck to his point, and, as I could not accept the appointment on his terms, we parted on the understanding that I was to return to India.

In this matter, from first to last, I was in almost daily correspondence with Miss Nightingale, who stood by me, and used her influence, which was great, to obtain for me such terms as would enable me to accept the Chair of Military Medicine. When I was

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

in the midst of my preparations to return to India, I received a proposition made by Sir Charles Wood, then Secretary of State for India, that I should accept the Chair for two years, by which time it would be sufficiently apparent whether or not I was able to satisfy the Government as to my fitness for the post. Sir Charles Wood, at the same time, volunteered to keep my Indian appointment open for two years, to fall back on in case the decision went against me. I at once closed with this offer, and was gazetted as Professor of Military Medicine, with the rank of Deputy-Inspector-General. I may here mention that, before the expiration of two years, an attempt was made by Sir James Gibson, then Director-General of the Medical Department of the Army, to upset this arrangement, and, without any reference to fitness or unfitness, to change the professors every five years. Against this I at once protested. A committee was appointed by the Secretary for War to examine and report on the whole question. This committee went against Sir James Gibson's recommendation *in toto*. In their report they expressed entire satisfaction with my teaching, and I was virtually appointed for life or fitness. My colleagues were Professor Edmund Parkes, in the Chair of Military Hygiene, Deputy-Inspector-General Longmore, C.B., in that of Military Surgery, and Dr. Aitken, Professor of Military Pathology.

Dr. Parkes served for some years in the 84th Regiment in India and Burma. He had been a distinguished student in University College, and, entering the army, quickly made for himself a name as a medical officer of conspicuous merit. He won the respect and confidence of officers and men to an extent rarely equalled. As a diligent student of tropical medicine he was greatly noted, and his contribu-

THE LIFE OF

tions to its literature are standard works to this day. Retiring from the army, he became Professor of Medicine in University College, and established himself in practice as a physician in London. His success was immediate. Had his health been even tolerably good, he would, without doubt, have become the leading consultant in London. This, however, was very far from being the case. One severe illness after another drove him into retirement, but not before he had made himself an authority and specialist in a branch of the profession up to his time not much studied in England—viz. preventive medicine. An immense impetus was given to the study of this branch of medical science by Professor Parkes' lectures at Netley. His pupils carried with them, and put into practice, his invaluable lessons wherever the British drum is heard; and his work on Practical Hygiene, which, with additions by his successors, has passed through seven editions, has spread over the civilised world, and has proved an invaluable blessing to mankind.

Parkes was a much-loved man. In him the moral and intellectual faculties were equally combined. In his life and work he approached St. Paul's ideal: 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report'—these were ever present to his mind. His wife was a fit companion for him. When she died, life lost its savour, and he soon followed her to a too early grave.

As regards the Medical Department of the Army, two measures followed the Crimean War. The first was the issue by Mr. Sidney Herbert of the famous warrant that goes by his name, and was known as the *Magna Charta* of the Medical Department of the

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

Army; the other was the establishment of the Army Medical School. The above-named warrant was a wise and politic measure which, for the first time in its history, vastly improved the military *status* of the Medical Department of the Army, conferring on them the right to advise officers in command on health questions, and obliging such either to follow the advice so given, or to place their reasons for not so doing in writing before their superiors. The warrant in its integrity was admirably adapted not only to improve the position of army medical officers, but to add immensely to their means of increasing the efficiency of the army, by preserving it in health.

Men of high professional qualifications were at once attracted into the service. Quickly, also, an enormous improvement in the health of the army followed its publication. Medical officers in executive and administrative positions were able to bring authoritatively to notice sources of ill-health, and to obtain their removal to a considerable extent. The attack on that royal warrant, and the history of the various warrants that followed, cannot be entered on in this personal narrative. That conferring mixed titles has, on the whole, worked well, and given general satisfaction, spite of the somewhat clumsy nature of some of the designations. The fact that in war the medical officers of the army share to a large extent the dangers of the battlefield, in addition to those peculiar to their own calling, is now recognised; and, as time goes on and old prejudices fade away, is likely to be more and more acknowledged in the distribution of much-coveted honorary rewards.

To return from this digression. The Professor of Military Surgery was Deputy-Inspector-General—now Surgeon-General—Sir Thomas Longmore, C.B. This distinguished army surgeon spent almost all his

THE LIFE OF

regimental time in the 29th Regiment of Foot, having served with that regiment in the West Indies, in Canada, during the war in the Crimea, and in the Sepoy Mutiny. By universal consent he was deemed the highest authority on military surgery in the British Army, and this high position was recognised on the Continent, where he attended and represented the British Government at all the Surgical Congresses held abroad, during his service in the Army Medical School—very notably at the famous Geneva Congress, where the Rules of that Congress were formulated and sanctioned by the various Governments, under what is known as the Geneva Cross Convention, which, under certain conditions, neutralised military hospitals in time of war, and those engaged in ministering to the wounded. Professor Longmore it was who delivered the opening lecture at Fort Pitt, when the School was formally opened by Mr. Sidney Herbert. This lecture was justly admired, both for its matter and manner, at the time, and for many years was used at the opening of the sessions of the School, as it was admirably suited to break ground not only for the study of military surgery, but as an introduction to the young men preparing for the medical service of the British and Indian Armies.

In 1867 Surgeon-General Longmore was made a Companion of the Bath, and was knighted in the year 1886, having also in the year 1879 been promoted, by Decree of the President of the French Republic, to the grade of '*Officier*' in the Order of the Legion of Honour.¹ It was felt at the time that the services of this distinguished military surgeon would have been more

¹ Alas ! as this page was presented for correction on the 30th of September, the afflicting tidings of the sudden death of my distinguished friend and colleague reached me from Swanage, Dorset,—leaving me the sole survivor of the original Professors in the Army Medical School.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

suitably rewarded by a step in the Most Honourable Order of the Bath. Sir Thomas Longmore retired from the Chair of Military Surgery in the Army Medical School in 1893, and was succeeded by Brigade-Surgeon Godwin, who was the leading man in the first batch of candidates who passed through the Army Medical School at Fort Pitt, and who served with distinction in the Department. His career in his new position was brief. The Treasury refused to make his position as Professor, in point of emoluments, equal to that of a Deputy-Surgeon-General on administrative duty. He resigned his Chair, went to India, and died within a year. It was felt throughout the service that a valuable life had been thrown away for the sake of a very small saving of public money.

Dr. Aitken was the first Professor of Pathology in the Army Medical School. This gentleman was a civilian. He was a graduate of the University of Edinburgh both in Arts and Medicine. In 1848 he became Assistant to Dr. Allen Thomson, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow, and Pathologist to the Royal Infirmary of that city. In 1855 Dr. Aitken proceeded to the seat of war in the Crimea, to investigate the nature of the diseases from which the troops were suffering. In 1860 he was appointed Professor of Pathology in the Army Medical School. In 1873 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and, on the death of Dr. Parkes, Secretary to the Senate of the Army Medical School, and also Examiner in Medicine for the Military Medical Services of the Crown. In 1887 the honour of knighthood was conferred on him, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. Sir William Aitken was also an LL.D. (*honoris causa*) of the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

THE LIFE OF

Sir William was a voluminous author, and will long be remembered as the author of the *Science and Practice of Medicine*, which for many years was the favourite text-book in the medical schools—it reached seven editions.

The above, with the writer of this Life, were the first four Professors in the Army Medical School. No words of mine can adequately describe the perfect harmony that prevailed among us. I cannot recall a single example of any serious difference arising on any of the many grave questions that came before the Senate of the School for decision. The Army Medical School nevertheless had some enemies, and not a few false friends, ready to betray its best interests, when it seemed that some personal advantage was to be gained by such betrayal.

Lord Herbert, in making the Director-General, for the time-being, President of the Senate, was of opinion that by so doing he gave that officer as much influence in the government of the School as was right and proper, without making it entirely subordinate to him as head of the Department.

It was my good fortune to have in succession, in the course of my service in the Army Medical School, as Assistant Professors, the valuable aid of four medical officers of distinction, viz.—Dr. (now Deputy-Surgeon-General) Fyffe (retired), for many years surgeon to the 5th Dragoon Guards; Mr. (now Surgeon-General) Webb (retired), late principal medical officer in the Bombay Command; Dr. (now Deputy-Surgeon-General) Veale (retired); and Brigadier-Surgeon Cherry, now Deputy-Surgeon-General (retired). All four were men of experience in peace and war, at home and abroad; possessed of every quality needful for the responsible duties they had to discharge as executive chiefs of the Medical Division of

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley ; above all, as the instructors of the young medical officers on probation, not only in their professional duties, but in the routine of military medical service, and in the habits, customs, and observances of the new life on which they were about to enter. To me they were most loyal colleagues, and in our retirement it is my happiness to retain their warm friendship.

From the date of the retirement of Lord Ripon, then Lord de Grey, the difficulties of the Army Medical School began. So long as Lord de Grey was in the War Office, he gave his personal attention to its affairs, invariably read and countersigned the minutes of the Senate, and paid frequent visits to the School, both at Chatham and Netley.

The death of Dr. Parkes was a heavy blow and great discouragement to his colleagues. His name was a tower of strength to the School. His intimacy with Sir James Clark, one of the founders and best friends of the School, was also a great help in times of difficulty. When Sir Joseph Fayrer succeeded the late Sir Ranald Martin, he became, *ex officio*, a member of the Senate of the Army Medical School, and proved himself to be not only a most efficient colleague, but the most useful friend the School ever had, using, to the last hour of his official life, his powerful influence in its support. Dr. De Chau-mont, Dr. Parkes' former Assistant, became his successor—and a worthy one : for he was a man of great capacity, who filled the Chair of Hygiene with distinction. Too soon his career was cut short by death, to the great loss of the School and the service to which he belonged, and of which he was a distinguished ornament. Professor Sir William Aitken did not long survive his retirement from the Chair of Pathology.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

I have only to add, that I trust this imperfect record of my life and work may interest my descendants, and in this hope I bring my recollections to an end.¹

I read the last proof of this narrative when, surrounded by my children and my children's children, I celebrated my golden wedding. Truly

'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.'

¹ I ought to have stated in its proper place in this narrative that I was made a Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath; that the University of Glasgow conferred on me (*honoris causa*) the Degree of Doctor of Laws; and that in this year Her Majesty was pleased to appoint me 'Honorary Surgeon to the Queen.'

I append the farewell address to the surgeons on probation at Netley, on the occasion of my resigning the Chair of Military Medicine, because, to some extent, it shows the kind of difficulties with which the Professors had to contend. I published, in merest outline, a summary of my Lectures on Tropical Diseases—a work which has had a wide circulation. Many of the articles on Tropical Medicine in Russell Reynolds' *System of Medicine*, and Sir Richard Quain's *Dictionary of Medicine*, were contributed by me, as well as a great many papers to the Press, in India and at home, on Military and General Sanitation.

A P P E N D I X

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE SURGEONS ON PROBATION, on his retirement from the Chair of Military Medicine in the Army Medical School, by SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN, C.B., M.D., LL.D., Professor of Military Medicine, etc.

*These parting words, of little interest to others, are dedicated
to those to whom they were addressed, and at whose
request they are printed, with the best
wishes of the Author.*

*At the conclusion of the last lecture of his course, SURGEON-
GENERAL MACLEAN, C.B., thus addressed the young
Medical Officers on Probation :—*

IT is an open secret that the lecture I have just finished is the last I shall ever deliver. My teaching career is over; some other duties remain to be discharged before the tie that binds me to this School is severed; when next term opens, another will stand in this place and address those who will occupy these benches. I have determined to retire while such powers of exposition as I could ever boast of remain to me unimpaired, before it can with truth be scornfully said that—

‘Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.’

Before I was called from India to fill the Chair I am about to vacate, after a period of somewhat varied service, ten laborious years were spent in the difficult work of

APPENDIX TO THE LIFE OF

teaching the Medical Sciences to Mohammedan students through the medium of their own language ; the success that attended this attempt—the first of the kind in India—led to my being invited to undertake the responsible duty of the Chair of Military Medicine in this School—a position I have held for more than twenty-three years. Without affectation or mock modesty, I cannot look back on these long years without a consciousness of many shortcomings. Had the selection of an Indian Medical Officer to fill this Chair rested with me, another would have been chosen. I can only honestly claim to have done my best to acquit myself of my great responsibilities, and I can with truth say, that a consciousness of those responsibilities has hardly ever been absent from my mind during every waking hour of my life since I undertook them.

Since this School was opened by the late Lord Herbert, in October 1860, one thousand four hundred and seventy-six Medical Officers for the British Army, the Royal Navy, and the Medical Service of the Government of India have passed through it. Out of this large number some have died on distant fields of battle ; many more, with equal honour, have lost their lives while doing their duty in hostile climates, far from their native land. Many remain scattered in the service of their country in different parts of this great empire. To them my thoughts naturally turn this day. They now, and you in the early future, are and must be the best judges of the kind and quality of the instruction given from this Chair. Those who have gone out into the world from this School have put to the test the weapons wherewith they have had to fight the diseases of many climes ; if those weapons have broken in their hands, then my life here has been a failure—I have laboured in vain, and been an unprofitable servant.

The price paid by this country in human life for its greatest possession has been, in the language of commerce, a ‘long’ one. As you have often been told, on the authority of the Royal Commissioners, who reported on the health of the Army of India in 1859-60, the mortality of

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

the European portion of it oscillated round the enormous figure of 69 per 1000. How stands the case now?

In 1882, the death-rate for all India was only 13·07 per 1000 from all causes.

In Bengal for the same year it was 12·07.

In Bombay it was only 10·37 ; and in Madras, for the year 1883 (a cholera year), it was only 10 per 1000. In what I have often here called the ‘pre-sanitary age’ I have known one disease—tropical dysentery—kill one in five of those attacked. I have known a regiment with an average strength of 1098 have 2497 admissions into hospital in one year, with 104 deaths—mostly from two diseases, dysentery and its common sequel, tropical abscess of the liver ; being nearly ten per cent. of strength. In the same part of India, in the year 1883, out of a force of 13,000 men, with over 500 cases of dysentery, only three proved fatal ; and malarial fevers, once so destructive, in the same body of men caused only two deaths.

To bring about such an enormous saving of life many factors have contributed. They have all been much insisted on, not only by me, but also by my colleague, the Professor of Hygiene, whose province it is to deal with general health questions. I do not undervalue them—far from it ; no one can be more impressed with their immense importance than I am. I am all the more entitled to say so because long before I became connected with this School, I take leave to say, there are few of the ameliorations in the life and surroundings of the British soldier in India, embraced in the comprehensive term ‘Sanitary Reform,’ that were not urged by me on the attention of the authorities in that country through every channel open to me, and this at a time when advocacy of this kind was not always pleasing to those in power, or calculated to lead to personal advancement. After the largest possible allowance has been made for the beneficent operation of the means referred to, a share in the splendid results may reasonably be claimed for the successful treatment of disease. Notwithstanding the great sanitary improvements that have taken place, a

APPENDIX TO THE LIFE OF

vast amount of disease of the gravest kind remained to be dealt with by the Medical Officers of the Army, for the most part trained in this School. Unless treatment had to a large extent kept pace with sanitation, the results we contemplate with so much satisfaction could not have been obtained. If this is so—and the fact appears to me undeniable—we may claim for this School that the money spent on it has not been spent in vain, and the wisdom of those who founded it has been justified.

As another opportunity may not offer, I embrace the present one to give, not an apology, but an explanation—which is quite a different thing—in reply to a writer in a professional journal who has censured the Professors generally, and, if I rightly understand him, the Professors of Surgery and Medicine in particular, for withholding from the profession the clinical experience gained in this hospital.

Speaking on this matter entirely for myself, I must explain that in the early days of my professorship I began to publish, from time to time, some of the lectures delivered by me here ; my object being, so far as I could, to keep touch, as it were, with old friends and pupils who had left the School for duty in the service, and it was my fixed purpose to continue this practice from time to time as interesting and important material for lessons in Military Medicine turned up. An ‘untoward event’ happened which, rightly or wrongly I do not say, defeated this intention. An epidemic of yellow fever broke out in an important station in the yellow fever zone, attended with a lamentable mortality. A graphic narrative of this outbreak, and all the circumstances preceding and attending it, was published in the following year by the principal Medical Officer, who had been hurriedly sent to the scene of the epidemic. This was published in the Official Departmental Blue-Book.

In this outbreak 14 officers out of 30—nearly 50 per cent.—died ; 4 out of 6 medical officers, one of whom had just left this School, lost their lives ; and out of 290 men attacked 107 died. That this lamentable loss of life, which

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

took place between the 5th and 15th of September 1864, was due to causes distinctly preventible has never been disputed by any competent authority. This epidemic, as it was my duty to show in this lecture-room, did not come upon its victims without giving ample notice of its approach, and time for providing for the safety of the troops. Warning of the coming danger was given by competent medical authority, which warning was neglected until the day of grace was past.

Here was an opportunity of teaching an impressive lesson in Military Medicine by an example. Accordingly I made the narrative the 'text,' as it were, of a lecture, which, after delivering it here, I published. I did not invent the facts ; I took them as I found them in a published official document—I only 'pointed the moral' of a 'tale' told by another, an eyewitness. I do not pretend that the commentary was flattering to those concerned, but it did not go beyond what the case demanded, if any lesson was to be taught from the facts.

No sooner did this lecture appear than a great storm arose and burst on my head. So far as I was able to gather, the local authorities did not dispute the facts ; they were angry at the publicity given to them. General Peel, then Secretary for War, was appealed to by those who felt themselves aggrieved—mostly, I believe, the municipal authorities of the place. My lecture, by the War Minister's desire, was submitted to his inspection. The judgment of this high authority, to whom alone I was responsible, was that he had no fault to find with it. At the same time, with a view, I presume, to prevent similar disturbances and complaints in the time to come, the Secretary for War was pleased to direct that in future all lectures delivered here should be submitted to him before publication. From that time to the present no lectures delivered in the Army Medical School by any of the Professors have been published, with the exception of merely formal addresses delivered at the opening of the sessions, and then only for private circulation.

APPENDIX TO THE LIFE OF

I wish it to be distinctly understood that I have never, in word or thought, called in question the absolute right of the Secretary for War to issue such an order. That goes without saying. But, speaking in this matter entirely for myself, it operated as a check on me, for I am so constituted that I cannot publish under a censorship, however mild, judicious, or even generous.

But although for this reason unable to publish the lessons delivered here, it is for you and those who have gone before you to say whether or not I have withheld from you the instruction I have myself acquired in the magnificent field of medical observation this Hospital has afforded me.

Passing from this subject, on which I have touched with reluctance, let me say I do not affect to conceal that it is not without a pang I find myself at the end of my active life. It pains me to think that never again can I see before me young, ardent, and ingenuous faces looking frankly into mine, and to reflect that in the time that remains to me in this life I must be cut off from intercourse that has ever been one of the greatest pleasures of my life, and which I have often thought, by a reflex action, has kept me young in mind if not in years.

Of the colleagues with whom I have so long laboured I can hardly trust myself to speak. One is not¹ (Professor Parkes), whose mere name, ‘appealing,’ as it does, ‘to feelings and affections kept within the heart like gold,’ is a household word here, and whose work will not soon die. Of those who remain, and of those who in past years have been my assistants in my own department of work here, I can only say I deem it a great honour and distinction to have been deemed worthy to be their colleague and fellow-labourer, and I assure them my feelings of warm friendship can pass away only with myself.

One word more : I wish, were it only as a parting memorial of the deep and abiding interest I take in the future of this School, to express a hope—I can do no more—that it will long continue to fulfil the purpose for which it was

¹ Alas ! all are now gone—I am left alone.

SURGEON-GENERAL MACLEAN

established ; that the fundamental principles on which it was based and has hitherto rested will be respected. They were settled by a wise and far-seeing statesman and man of affairs, aided by educational experts the most competent of their day. All educational institutions are of course susceptible of improvement, but every point in the constitution and government of the School was carefully thought out, and I am certain cannot be tampered with without danger to the whole fabric. It is a matter of the greatest satisfaction to me that I am to be succeeded by a Medical Officer of distinction, a gentleman who has filled a position of importance in one of the Medical Colleges in India, where he has made for himself a high reputation as a Professor of Medicine, a practised teacher in full possession of those powers of exposition which are rarely to be found in men who have not been in positions where alone such powers can be acquired and cultivated.¹

And now, gentlemen, not to prolong a parting scene which is painful to me, and cannot, I believe, be pleasant to you, let me thank you for the courtesy with which you have, one and all, invariably listened to me, and accepted my anxious efforts to do my duty in fitting you for your responsible duties ; let me bid you God-speed, and with my warmest wishes for your future health, happiness, usefulness and honour, bid you, so far as my position as a teacher is concerned, a long farewell.

¹ Alas ! the career of my successor was brief. He succumbed to a deeply seated tumour in the brain, beyond the reach of the most advanced modern surgery. Dr. Boyce Smith had served in every branch of the Army of India, in peace and war, and earned the respect of all his military and professional superiors.

